The Times.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II.} NO. 8.} GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 59.

ORIGINAL.

(In the degeneracy of modern Poetry, any schoolboy can write what is generally termed "Newspaper Rhyme." But the following lines, "Our Country" by A. Perry Sperry, is one of the most beautiful poems we have ever seen. It deserves a place, not only in every newspaper in "our country," but a prominent place in our standard Literature. Every line marks the Poet and the Patriot, and presages for the author, who is yet quite young, a most brilliant future and a worthy position among the "Poets of America." We make no apology for the length; just that much the better. If set to music by some good composer, it would make a most popular National Song.)—Editors Times.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

In years agone our fathers stood
Together on the field of blood,
Resolving, let them live or die
To gain their children's liberty
One common country was their claim,
One undivided fate and name,
One glorious *Union* glad and free
Without the chains of tyranny,
From *North* to *South*, joined hand in hand,
They fought to save one common land.
Our mothers buckled on their swords
And spake to them high hopeful words,
Bid them God-speed, then knelt to pray
That God would let them gain the day.

From Massachusetts' hills of green
Their glittering bayonets were seen,
And Carolina's flowery plain
Reflected back their light again;
And all hearts chanted forth the strain
Of "Death or Victory."
The *North* and *South* together stood
A grand united Brotherhood,
And bathed the plain with holy blood
To gain our liberty.

They gained it,
And when war's dark storm
Was stilled upon the land we love,
Then *Freedom*, like an angel form,
Descended from her courts above,
And here where our forefathers died,
She reared her temple high and wide,
And proudly over it unfurled
The *Stars* and *Stripes* to all the world.
The Eagle saw the starry light
And paused upon his sunward flight—
Folded his wings and sank to earth
To see what glory gave it birth,
And when he found, 'twas freedom's ray
No sun could tempt his eyes away,
Thus freedom's eagle found a nest
Above the flag our souls love best,
And thus our colors will he crown
Till impious hands shall tear them down.

Then over earth there went a strain
That *Freedom* had commenced her reign,
And all the world were bid to come
And worship in her western home.
'Twas freedom's song that sweetly hung
On every lip, on every tongue,
Until the hills had caught the strain
And echoed back its tones again.
The zephyrs, as they hastened by
With tone as soft as angels sigh,
In triumph, bore it to the sky,
And flowers in fragrance breathed the song,
And rivers as they rolled along,
Chanted the music to the sea,
Until its waves in frantic glee
Reached forth their arms to clasp the shore
That should be free forevermore,
'Twas murmured by each chrystal rill,
The wild birds sang it from each hill,
'Twas whispered by the stars of even,
And angels caught the strain in heaven,
Fit strain for angel minstrelsy—
The glorious *song of Liberty*.

But O, a change has come since then,
Across the hearts of many men,
And now with high and hasty words,
They draw our fathers' rusty swords,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
The *North* and *South*, as foemen stand
To desecrate their native land.
Sharp's Rifle Beecher bids the North,
In this unholy war go forth,
While *Greely* with a blackened heart
Is acting out a *traitor's* part.
O, curs'd be the hand that draws
His father's sword in such a cause,
Curs'd until life's latest breath
Shall tremble on the verge of death,
And curs'd through all eternity
Be these fell foes of liberty.

Where are the heroes, that of yore
The stars and stripes to battle bore,
Alas! those heroes, pure and brave,
Are sleeping in the silent grave,
Where are the men of later years
Who saved the *Union* by their tears,
Alas! they too have gone to sleep,
And we are left their loss to weep.
Jackson has found an endless rest,
And *Clay* now sleeps in Ashland's breast,
While under Marshfield's quiet shade
Are the cold remains of a *Webster* laid,
And Calhoun, Carolina's Son,
To the silent vale with rest has gone.
They stemmed *Disunion's* loathsome flood
And spent their lives for their *Country's* good,
And never, O, never above each grave,
May the tattered flag of that country wave.

All glorious freedom still thy wing
Upon our now distracted land,
And teach our lips in songs to sing
The memories of that patriot band;
Let every tongue join in the strain,
Link every heart and hand again,
And breathe the spirit of our sires
Again around our household fires,
Pour on our hearts the balm of peace
And let these inward wranglings cease.

Then shall we raise our hearts to thee
And bless thee for our liberty,
Then shall e'en rocks and hills again
Awaken that triumphant strain,
And rippling stream and flower and sod,
In hymns of joy give praise to God,
That hymn shall roll from shore to shore,
Till Thrones shall fall to rise no more,
Till freedom over all the earth
Shall send the children of her birth.
Then Freedom, will thy work be done,
And *discord's* race on earth be run,
Then shall all wars and tumults cease
And all the world abide in peace.

The Tongue.—Let us often deny the tongue. "No man speaks safely," says a great saint, "but he who is silent willingly." It is impossible for persons to talk as fast and as much as they do without folly and sin. We talk too much. If we doubt this, let us think for a moment how little we say which is worth saying, how much that does harm to others or ourselves, and then we cannot doubt it again. We talk too much. When then we are incited to talk rapidly, let us check ourselves, partly to prevent our saying what we should afterwards repent of, and partly to give ourselves perfect command over any motion unless we can bid it stop as well as go on. It is quite as needful in taming a horse to teach him to pause at our bidding as to move on. Let us learn, then, to command our tongues by denying them, by not speaking at times, when we are tempted to do so, and thus obtaining a victory and power over this unruly member.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER II.

Reader, you will keep in mind that at our last meeting we resolved ourselves into a singing-school. Before I proceed with my lecture, let us sing:

"Why stand ye round the threshold?
Ye timid ones, draw near;
Sweet words and joyful music
Unite in concord here.

"But when you come, remember
The rule by which we stand;
No gloomy brow is suffered
Amid our happy band.

"We cherish ev'ry pleasure
Which virtue can approve;
We find delight in loving
Whate'er the virtuous love.

"Then stand not round the threshold,
Ye timid ones, draw near;
Come, mingle with our music
In sweetest concord here."

I have but one rule in my singing schools, and that is, ☞ *you must pay, at all times, the closest possible attention to every thing I say.* Now if I had a dozen rules, or even half a dozen, for you, you might, through forgetfulness, violate some of them; and you would be excusable in such a case; but what say you to a pupil who will violate the only rule his teacher has? Scurvy fellow, isn't he? Then be careful, and do not place yourself in the painful predicament of having to acknowledge to yourself that you have been mean enough to violate the only rule I have in my school.

But some of you wish to learn the Violin, others the Flute and others the Piano, Melodeon, &c., &c.; you did not desire to attend so poor a thing as a singing-school. Well, don't get impatient and fly off in a tangent, for I intend to teach you how to play all these instruments, as well as to sing, before our school closes. Keep in mind my one *rule*.

There are but seven elementary sounds in music, no matter whether birds whistle it, men sing it or play it on any instrument, or God's grand old ocean roars it. You doubt this, do you? Very natural, you should, for there are thousands of tunes sung in all the languages of earth; still there are only seven elementary sounds for all the singing and playing that is done. Mr. Jesse B. Aikin, of Philadelphia, a most ingenious musician, suggested to me that these seven sounds might be made to occupy 5040 different positions. You have learned the rule of Permutation, (into the Arithmetic a little just now) which shows how to find the number of positions any given number of things may occupy. Thus, $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 \times 7 = 5040$. You multiply all the numbers into one another to obtain this result. But I shall drop this permutation idea for the present intending to bring it up again when I shall have taught you the difference between the Diatonic and Chromatic scales of music.

The elementary principles of music are the very same, whether you play them on that most curious and noble of all instruments, your own vocal apparatus, or on a fife, flute, flageolet, banjo, violin, harp, lute, piano, organ, or any other of man's invention. If this remark is true, a singing school, properly conducted, may prove of vast benefit to you; and that it is true I intend to show you fully before I stop. We must learn to sing these seven elementary sounds correctly, as they form the alphabet of all the music of the world, and then we can learn how to make them on any instrument we take up.

I have no eloquent remarks to make you on the general subject of music at this time; you need no such; you need thorough elementary instruction first, that you may be benefitted practically.

Further instructions next week.

Poor Relations.—A poor relations is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a pain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising a stan in your blood, a blot on your escutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "that is Mr.———." A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time, when the table is full. —*Charles Lamb.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WINTER.

FROM MOLLIE'S SCRAPE-BOOK.

Winter—stern, old gray-beard—there is a grandeur about thy hoary brow, covered with its centuries of snow, and thy beard all spangled with diamond-like icicles, which cannot be forgot. The summer is a young bride, glowing with warmest blushes, and the autumn is that bride, in all her matronly loveliness—and they are very, very beautiful. But thou art of a different order of spirits. Thine it is to ride upon the northern whirlwind—to blight the flowers before thy path, to lock the streams in icy fetters, and to sound thine an them, like a choral symphony, through the dim old mysterious woods.

The coming on of winter is like the approach of age. It steals upon us so insensibly that the first we know of its approach, is in feeling the frost shuddering along our limbs. We retire at night with a warm, south breeze playing through the casement, and almost tempting us to wander forth into the moonlight; but on awaking in the morning, the atmosphere feels so chilly that we walk to the window, and lo! the whole earth in view is covered, as if by magic, with a vesture of snow, whiter than the mantle of a bride, and purer than an angel's smile. We hear the keen blast whistling around the chimnies, or howling in the yard, or roaring amid the forest like the voice of the ever-sounding sea. We see below, the snow-bird hopping around the window to pick up perchance a crumb. The cattle stand, huddled close, and even while we look our breath freezes on the window pane, and we know that *Winter is here!*

And a merry, merry old chap he is. How we love to gaze upon the skaters. O, the joy of the sleighers with merry shout and jingling bells—the gay parties sliding among skeleton trees—and more than all, I love the quiet, holy happiness of the domestic fireside. But hark!—what sound was that? Is it the howling of the wind. It comes again! It is not the thunder, but *it is* the deep roar of the awakening tempest, whirling the snow along the waste, and lifting up its terrific trumpet-blast across the sky. God help poverty, if it be abroad to-night.

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bid the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loaded and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HAPPINESS.

BY E. S. MILLS.

All other blessings in the world are incomplete without contentment. With it, we are happy; without it, we can never be so. And contentment is one of the easiest attainments in life. It depends only on the actual enjoyment of what we have, without thinking of acquiring what we have not. But all of us have our separate desires. When we gratify them, we express our satisfaction; when they are absent, we sigh for them; and all the while we overestimate the value of those objects, and never consider the influence which they exercise over our own happiness. Regardless of what lies in our hands, we grasp at an object;—perhaps it is difficult to reach; but we attain it, and, when we do so, we let it go—only to pursue some other. Thus we make our lives an endless chase after shadows; and thus are we ever running after new means neglecting to use those we have already mastered. And our end is happiness!—that frequent and familiar term so little understood. Yes, all this excessive vehemence, which actuates us in the chase of such a variety of objects, proceeds from the ignorant apprehension that we cannot secure happiness by too many methods. But a few,—a few, dextrously managed—are quite sufficient. Where contentment dwells there it dwells also—oftener in the cottage than in the palace,—more frequently with toil and hardship than with luxuries and refinements—by so many deemed the surest ways and means to live happy and satisfied. Happiness soft and amiable, full of virtues and good humor, knows no distinctions of persons, but dwells among all conditions of mankind. She takes up her abode with evenness of disposition and serenity of mind. Those who are surrounded with abilities and stirred on by incitements to gratify their passions, are distant by many removes from happiness. We ramble far abroad to find that which lies concealed at home. What are the raptures of ambition, the pleasures of fame, the delights of honor,—what are glory, power, splendor,—in comparison with the pleasures of a happy home. Utterly worthless and insipid. Hence, it is that we see senators and heroes shutting out the acclamations of an applauding world, to partake the endearments of family conversation, and to enjoy the prattling of their little children in their harmless pleasures. This is one of the purest sources of mirth. It has an influence, too, in amending the heart; for innocence is communicated by coming in contact with it; and the sweet simplicity of children tends to purify the heart from the pollution that it has acquired in being in contact with the world and with men. An active life, though exposed to many evils, is found, by the uniform experience of mankind to be, upon the whole, productive of great happiness. There is quick succession of ideas, a warm flow of spirits, and an animated sensation consequent on exertion. Efforts combined with occasional indolent enjoyment, give a true relish of life. Action renders repose agreeable. Perpetual rest is pain. Men who pass their lives in an unemployed condition, will avoid listlessness; and, if they are without the incentives of ambition, fame, interest, or emulation, will rush with eagerness upon painful and hazardous enterprise. Let us strive to live a life of contentment and peaceful happines, that happiness which the world cannot give nor take away.

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MADCAP AND HER COUSINS.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

CHAPTER I.

A Rural Home.

'Tis where yon woods are waving
In their dark richness to the summer air;
Where yon blue stream a thousand flower banks laving
Leads down the hills a vein of light—tis there!
Hemans.

Aye! 'twas a lovely rural home—on an Island not far from the coast of one of the Eastern States. Health, happiness and plenty there reigned paramount—and a refined taste and cultivation was discernable throughout.

This home was in a verdant dale
Where sweetest lilies blossomed pale;
And Summer roses soon to bloom
Sighed to the winds a rare perfume,
The honeysuckle, sweeter still,
Climbed boldly on the window sill;
And all around and by the door
The woodbine twined, and clambered o'er
The mossy roof—its blossoms gay
Seemed far too bright to fade away.

The owner of this pleasant abode was a farmer by the name of Ryefield. His family consisted of his wife, son and two daughters. The son, Englebert, was the first born, then Grace, a lovely girl of nineteen—and lastly, Agatha, a merry creature of seventeen summers.

The village near which the farmer dwelt, was a neat and thriving one, containing a church, one or two stores, a tavern and a post office. The young pastor of the Village church, was a man greatly esteemed and beloved for his kind, unassuming deportment and pure, innate piety. His presence rejoiced every home in his parish—but to none wended his steps so frequently as to that of farmer Ryefield. The lovely and high souled Grace was the magnet—and he continually sought her society. As yet, no ward of his had assured her of his affection—but the drooping eyes of the fair girl, and a certain something in her manner towards him, made him fully conscious that she accepted and returned his devotion.

William Rutherford was not what is called a handsome man. His complexion was dark, but his eyes were filled with an expression of powerful intellect, mingled with a gentle and most benignant spirit. He was of the medium height, slightly built, and of a serene and dignified carriage.

Returning from one of his nightly visits to the Ryefields, the young pastor rencountered, about half way home, a wretched old woman known as Moll Wood, who dwelt a short distance in the rear of Ryefield farm, and who earned her living by washing and cleaning in the houses of the farmers. She was regarded among the young people as a sort of Sybil, for she pretended to read the future—and through the natural wickedness of her heart, often caused much mischief and sometimes sorrow, by her evil auguries. No wonder then, that nearly every one feared her and endeavored to conciliate her on all occasions. As she approached, Rutherford bade her quietly, "good evening!" and was passing on, when she accosted him in a harsh, discordant tone—"what's yer hurry, domine? Been to see your gal, hey? When's the weddin'?"

He made no reply—and laying her bony hand on his arm, Moll said in a lower tone, "listen, dominie! The bride is not won yet. There's another than you not far off—a richer man but not so young and bonny. There'll be a weddin' in yon church before long—but not yours—not yours, dominie. Good night, then, if you *will* go—but remember!". And with a laugh that sounded to him like the howl of a hyena, old Moll stumbled on her way, leaving Rutherford much disturbed, although he placed no faith in her predictions.

In less than half an hour, the young man stood at the gate of the parsonage, where he dwelt alone with a maiden aunt, who kept house for him.

Days passed—and William Rutherford became gradually sad and gloomy. The predictions of Moll Wood, although he believed them not, haunted him, and cast a shadow over his spirit, which he vainly endeavored to cast off. He went, however, as usual, to spend an hour or so at farmer Ryefield's, and the family wonderingly observed his pale face and unwonted pensiveness of demeanor. As he would not acknowledge any ailment of body or mind they forbore to press him on the subject; but Grace was secretly and deeply pained at the alteration of his manner towards herself, which had gradually grown restrained and somewhat cold. Tis true, she did not miss the softened tone with which he always addressed her, but the glance of the eye was changed, the eye that she had learned to read so well—and he no longer sought a seat close to her side, or read in the same book with her, as of old. The *cause* of this was totally beyond her comprehension—but Grace proudly resolved, deeply as she loved him, to show no pain, to let him hear no sigh. The pain and the sigh and the bitter, secret tear were kept for the midnight pillow, when all around her peacefully slept.

* * * * * *

One evening in the latter part of April, Grace and Agatha received a letter from a cousin of theirs, Diana Hunter, as merry an elf as ever tripped the greensward, telling them that she was starting immediately to pay them a visit of some months.

Diana's parents being dead, she had been brought up by her grand-mother, who nearly spoiled her, of course, and she grew up, not vulgar or rude, but free, wild and joyous as a bird. Lovers she had by the dozen, but none ever created the least interest in her breast. She laughed merrily at their professions and declarations, and little heeded that they called her a jilt and a flirt, but went on her way, breaking hearts and breaking colts with the same reckless gayety.

Her spirit of mischief often led her into difficulties; but she always was so careful to win the love of her friends in the first place, that they were generally ready to forgive her any wild prank she might choose to play them.

The first of May arrived, and with it came Diana Hunter. Just imagine a light, graceful creature of the medium height, small hands and feet, fair complexion, with very dark brown hair, which she wore in thick, glossy braids around her small, finely formed head; and black eyes, bright, glowing, and filled with a strange, bewildering expression. She had, too, red pouting lips and small, glistening teeth, which she frequently showed, for how could the merry elf help it?

At dinner Englebert was silent and abstracted. His cousin's glances were often stealthily directed towards him, and at length she remarked quite demurely, "Cousin Bertie, I really beleive you are sorry I have come."

He started and looking up met her piercing eyes, which never failed sending a dart quivering through his heart. Slightly coloring, he replied. "O no; not very sorry—that is, if you behave yourself."

"I intend so doing this time," rejoined Diana. Then with a roguish expression in her eyes, she resumed, "how came you to fancy wearing whiskers, cousin Bertie? You used to dislike them almost as much as I do."

"I'll tell you why," broke in Agatha, with a mischievous smile. "Carolie Mandeville adores whiskers and moustaches."

Diana half started and her cheek grew a shade paler. "Who is Carolie Mandeville?" she asked, nervously twitching the corner of her napkin.

"The sister of our new phisician. You know old Doctor Adams died last winter—and Mandeville, his wife's brother, succeeds him. He is a very fine man, I assure you—and his sister, though not handsome, is fascinating enough to be admired by our village beaux, and among the rest my gallant brother."

Englebert smiled and was silent—and Diana began eating her bread-pudding as if for a wager.

No more was said on the subject, and dinner being over, the young girls conducted their cousin into the garden, which was tastefully laid out, and blooming with the early flowers of May. After lingering about an hour within its precints, Diana proposed a visit to old Moll Wood, the fortune teller.

"I want to hear what she can tell me now," said the young girl laughing—"you remember she told me once that I should be crossed in love."

"Surely," said Grace, "you don't put any faith in what that silly, and I fear, wicked old woman says?"

"Why no; not exactly," returned her cousin, slowly, "however, it is amusing to hear what she tells with such an air of superior wisdom. Shall we go?"

"O, if it pleases you, we have no objection."

And three young and lovely girls left the garden and bent their steps along a rural lane in the direction of Moll's cottage. They had not gone far before they met two gentlemen on horseback, one of whom bowed very politely to the sisters, Agatha returning the compliment with a blushing smile. The other fixed his dark eyes on the pensive countenance of Grace, as his companion reining in his horse introduced him as Mr. Dellwood. A few words of compliment passed between the gentlemen and the fair girls—and the former touching their hats, rode on.

"And that's Dr. Mandeville," said Diana, as they resumed their walk, "he is certainly a fine-looking man."

"Agatha thinks so," remarked Grace, smiling.

"Yes; I don't deny it," returned her sister, plucking a violet from a green bank on the side of the path, "but Gracie, what do you think of his companion?"

"Really, I scarcely glanced at him," was her reply.

"'Tis a pity," said Di; "you would have observed how great an impression you made upon him, my lovely cos."

"Do not, I intreat you," said Grace hastily, "you pain me."

Diana regarded her with some surprise. "What a strange being you are, Grace! You grow more and more pensive and dignified every day. I don't understand you."

Grace made no reply, and by this time they had reached the cottage where dwelt old Moll. It was a rude, small affair, but comfortable; and as they approached they spied Moll herself peeping through a dingy pane of glass.

Agatha tapped at the door, which after some delay was opened by the old crone, who "grinned a ghastly smile" upon her visitors as she bade them welcome.

"Come to have your fortin' told, young leddies? I knowed you was a comin', for I dreamed of three white rabbits last night."

"O, yes, want to hear our fortunes once more. You have told them so often," laughed Diana, "that we are curious to know what you can tell us now."

"Moll never told you what didn't come to pass. What do you say?" asked the miserable old creature with a savage look of her hard grey eyes.

"O, there's no doubt but that all you ever told us did come to pass—*somewhere*," added Diana in a whisper to Agatha.

"Well, Miss Grace, let me look at your hand. Ah, I see—you will be a bride before next fall—and your future husband crossed your path to-day."

Grace turned pale and trembled as she withdrew her hand from the grasp of the old crone; and Agatha smilingly held out hers.

"You also met your future husband to-day," continued Moll, peering into the extended palm. Agatha laughed and blushed and glanced at Diana, who came forward silently and proffered her small, white hand to the gaze of the woman.

"You have sorrow before you, Miss Hunter. *Love not!*" Di laughed. "I tell you, I see jealousy and disappointment in this here palm. Beware how you fall in love!"

Di laughed again. "Your advice is good, Moll, I'll endeavour to follow it. Have you nothing more to tell us?"

"Nothin' except don't forget the white money," grinned the wrinkled creature holding out her hand. Grace drew out her purse and gave her some change, and followed her companions out of the hut with a pale cheek and sinking heart.

CHAPTER II.

A Widow's Wiles.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes
And with a virtuous visor, hide deep vice!
Shakespeare.

For lovers love the Western star.
Scott.

In the house nearest to the Parsonage, dwelt a "gay and dashing widow," by the name of Bently, who owned a neat farm and kept some half dozen servants. Possessed of some beauty and education, and quite fascinating withal, she drew around her many suitors, but none made any impression upon her heart. The truth was, it had been given unsought and unwished for, to our friend Rutherford, who certainly did not prize the gift. Instead of hiding her passion, the widow took every opportunity to let him perceive it, which was enough to disgust any man of delicacy and feeling. Consequently, the bolder were the lady's advances, the more distant and reserved grew the young divine, and at length, a cold formal bow was the only greeting Mrs. Bently received when they chanced to meet in the street, or at church on the Sabbath.

However, this treatment rather increased the widow's passion, instead of subduing it. She was a woman of strong character, and having determined upon conquering the obdurate heart of the young minister, she was not to be easily diverted from her purpose. Being aware of his attachment to Grace Ryefield, her first step was to sow dissension between them, and to this end, she had a confidential conversation with Moll Wood, her last words to that respectable female being, "now Moll remember, if you succeed, your fortune's made for life." This may give some clue to the prophecies of the vile fortune teller.

And Mrs. Bently even stooped to a yet meaner act. Anonymous letters found their way into the hands of Rutherford, poisoning his peace of mind, and causing him to distrust a being as pure as was ever permitted to dwell upon earth; and whose gentle heart was so bound up in him that death itself could not release it.

"Can it be possible?" he asked himself one evening after reading one of these diabolical epistles, "can it be possible that a creature seemingly so high minded, so angelic, should encourage the attentions of another when she gave me the clearest reason to believe that she loved me alone? Oh, it is hard to credit—but yet, it is written, as the writer says, as a friendly warning, to guard me against future misery. Oh, God! I am miserable enough now!" exclaimed the young man burying his face in his hands as he sat at his writing table in his little study.

For a while there was deep silence in the room. At last Rutherford rose to his feet and walking with a nervous tread up and down the apartment, said again to himself, "no, no, it cannot be! Grace is all purity, all truth—she is no deceiver. I will go there this very evening—I will speak to her as of old, and read the love beams in her eyes once more. Heaven be with me!" and taking his hat, Rutherford emerged from the dim study into the hall, where he met his aunt Jessie.

"Going out to night, my dear boy!" said the old lady kindly, "well I trust you will return with a lighter heart than you seem to carry of late. God bless you!" she added, as he passed on, making no reply.

The night was very brilliant, the moon's path was one of cloudless blue, and the stars scintillated around her like courtiers around a queen. There was a slight breeze, pleasantly cool to the heated brow of our friend, as he walked quickly along the oft trodden path, the waning shadows occasionolly falling across his way, just as the shadows of life fall across the path of every breathing mortal.

In half an hour, Rutherford paused before the threshold, beyond which his heart was enshrined, and knocked hesitatingly. Grace as usual, opened the door to admit him, and bade him good evening, with a calm and quiet demeanor, although her heart throbbed painfully at the same time. With one of his old smiles, the young man held out his hand and said tenderly, "why so cold, dear Grace?"

She started with surprise at the sudden change in his hitherto restrained and cold demeanor, and was so overwhelmed that she could only return the pressure of his hand without a word of reply. He followed her into the sitting room, where his eye immediately lighted upon the face of a stranger. It was Anson Dellwood, who accompanied by his friend Dr. Mandeville, had come to improve the acquaintance of Miss Ryefield, in whom he had become very much interested.

"Good evening, friend Rutherford," said the farmer, with a warm shake of the hand. "Come, sit down;—we thought you were going to break all acquaintance with us, you come so seldom of late. O! allow me to introduce Mr. Dellwood. Our respected Pastor."

Both gentlemen bowed coldly as they regarded each other with quick, searching glances, and Rutherford, seating himself, after having greeted the members of the family that were present, commenced a conversation with Mrs. Reyefield whom he loved and respected as a mother.

Grace went to the window and sat down, playing with her hand among the tendrils of a honeysuckle that twined itself around the casement. Dellwood, whose eyes followed her almost constantly, arose and stood beside her, making some remark upon the beauty of the night. The young girl replied with a smile, which was caught up immediately by the watchful eyes of the lover, who grew suddenly pale, as he said to himself, "it is true, then; she smiles upon him—she evidently encourages him. False creature!" and the sigh that followed was so heavy that Mrs. Ryefield started at the sound.

Why, Mr. Rutherford! are you so ill? you look so pale and——"

"No, no, not at all, dear madam," he said hastily, "it is nothing. I have been troubled with a sort of nervous feeling, lately, that is all."

The good lady, never dreaming of the real state of the case, was willing enough to credit his assertion, which was certainly no falsehood as far as it went.

"I regret to perceive that you are not looking well of late," Mrs. Ryefield continued, turning her eyes full in his troubled face, "why don't you consult Dr. Vaudeville?"

"I assure you, dear madam, I am not ill enough to require a physician's aid. Don't worry yourself on my account I beg."

As he seemed desirous of avoiding the subject, Mrs. Ryefield made no further remark, but could not help wondering at his evident wish to conceal his feelings.

Meanwhile Dellwood continued to converse with Grace, whose manners towards him were only coldly polite, for with a woman's intuition, she plainly saw that he admired her, and she had no wish to give him the least encouragement.

"Why does William shun me in the presence of others?" she asked herself. "Surely, he is no deceiver. However," she mentally resolved, "I shall not place myself in his way if he wishes to shun me."

At the same moment her lover thought; "She does not look towards me—she is so enthralled with her new admirer. Far be it from me to attempt to supplant him—'twere best to leave him a free field. Farewell then, false one, whom I fondly imagined a creature nearly angelic!" As these thoughts chased one another through his excited imagination, the young minister arose and signified his intention to depart. As he was about to do so, not heeding Mr. and Mrs. Ryefield's attempts to prevent his departure, Di Hunter and Agatha entered the room. They had been taking a moonlight stroll through the garden with Dr. Mandeville, who had for some time shown a decided preference for the society of Agatha. Running up to Mr. Rutherford, Di frankly held out her hand which he kindly pressed in his own.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said, her black eyes glowing with pleasure, "I'm sure to be a better girl when I come within the sphere of your influence."

"You are young, Miss Hunter, and a little wild I grant," was his reply, "but don't call yourself worse than you are. You are too sensible to be vain and too frank to be deceitful." And his dark eyes turned meaningly towards Grace, who was looking at the moon. Di, with her usual quickness of apprehension, caught up both the manner of expression and the meaning glance, and saw in a moment how matters stood.

"What can I do for these poor deluded lovers?" she mentally asked herself. Then aloud, "Dear Mr. Rutherford, you are right; I am neither vain nor deceitful; and I hope you will think as charitably of *others* I could mention."

He understood her, and only shaking his head with a sad expression, bowed silently to all and passed out, followed by the farmer.

"Shan't I go part of the way with you, Mr. Rutherford?"

"No, no, my kind friend, it is not necessary. Good night."

"Well, good night, then, and come soon again."

The young man made no reply, but merely bowing once more, took his solitary way towards the parsonage.

Grace still sat at the open window, and watched with a saddened gaze her lover's form as it gradually grew less and less distinct. It seemed to her as if he was leaving her forever as if she would never hear again his gentle, musical voice, or ever meet the glance of his dark, soul breathing eyes, as she had done in days forever gone. Tears began to swell in her deep blue orbs, but she choked them down, with an inward prayer to her Father above, for the power of endurance under the bitterest trial of her young life.

* * *

Anson Dellwood had been an unsuccessful suitor of Mrs. Bently's, who still, however, remained his friend; and it was she who recommended him to cultivate the acquaintance of Grace, very correctly surmising that it would be the surest way to weaken the ties that drew Rutherford to the gentle and much injured girl. Mrs. Bently was not long in perceiving with delight, that her plans were in a fair way of succeeding, and the only difficulty yet to be surmounted, was to secure the regard of Rutherford for herself.

Nearly every day found Mrs. Bently at the parsonage on some pretext or other, pretending great friendship towards Aunt Jessie, who, being a shrewd, as well as a thoughtful, quiet person, was not in the least deceived by that wily lady, treating her with cold courtesy, and firmly repelling all attempts at familiarity. Mr. Rutherford however, was not visible except at rare intervals, being almost always in his study, secure from interruption, unless when engaged in visiting his congregation, or employed in other duties of his calling.

Mrs. Bently had a daughter, a beautiful, dark-haired child of fourteen, who had long been a favorite of the minister, from her early evidences of purity and truth of character, and failing through other means, the widow determined to make her innocent, artless daughter the tool, if I may so speak, by which to work out her base and sinful designs.

Angelica Bently was a regular attendant at Church and sabbath School, where her uniform propriety of deportment and her natural sweetness of disposition made her the beloved and respected of all her companions and acquaintances. It was her wont regularly every sabbath morning to present the minister with a bouquet of the sweetest and earliest flowers she could obtain, which were always received with a grateful smile, that was far more pleasing to the lovely child than the thanks that accompanied it.

Early on Sunday morning after Rutherford's last visit to Grace, he sat by the window of his study, his eyes bent upon the glowing landscape, which was smiling beneath the genial rays of a May-day sun. His thoughts were painfully sad—for the star of his life was fading from his vision, its beams no longer cheered his heart as of old, for their warmth and light was departing gradually and surely. In his hand was a small Bible in which he had been endeavoring to find a balm for his trouble, but had not yet succeeded; and thus he sat, his thoughts following not his eyes, when a low, sweet voice suddenly arrested his attention. Turning his glance to the garden beneath his window, he saw Angelica with her weekly offering in her tiny dimpled hand, as holding it up, she said again, "good morning, dear Mr. Rutherford. Won't you come down and take my flowers?"

"Yes, my child, I will," was his smiling reply, as reaching for his hat, he left his study and descended to the garden.

Angelica advanced to meet him, and said "my flowers are something different than usual, this morning. You see I had made a boquet, with a great many kinds of blossoms, but dear mamma told me to give you *this*, which she made up herself. You see it is all blush roses—ain't it funny?" and the child laughed innocently as she held them up.

"Take them, Mr. Rutherford. Why! *won't* you take them?" she exclaimed with surprise, as he turned away from the proffered gift. "What's the reason?"

"I'll accept all *your* flowers, my dear, but I never take any from grown up ladies, you understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, you are a child, my dear—and —and—" he paused, scarcely knowing what to say, while Angelica's face became suffused with a slight blush of displeasure.

"If you won't take mamma's flowers, Mr. Rutherford, I'll never bring you any more." And tears began to glisten in her dark eye at the slight cast upon her mother.

"Dear Angelica, I'm sorry you are vexed with me—but you must pardon me for wounding your feelings. Take your mother the flowers and say to her I am grateful for her good opinion, but it is impossible for me to accept anything at her hands."

"I will tell her what you say, sir. Good morning!" And the child turned away and slowly retraced her steps with a drooping mien, shaking her head as Rutherford requested that she would continue her own offerings.

Rutherford sighed deeply as he proceeded to the house, and shutting himself in his study, remained there until the bell warned him to repair to the village church.

It being a fine day, the congregation was large. The Ryefields were all present, as also was Mrs. Bently and her daughter. As the young minister arose to commence the service, his eyes suddenly encountered those of Grace, which were fixed upon his face with an intensity of expression, causing his whole frame to thrill with a delicious tremor, which was instantly followed by a pang of anguish, as he caught a glimpse of Anson Dellwood seated beside the idol of his secret soul. For a few moments he was so agitated that he was unable to proceed with the service, but by a powerful effort he mastered his emotion, and with a countenance of death-like pallor, commenced reading the morning prayer. Gradually he became calm, and the color slowly returned to his face, as he went on, carefully avoiding another look towards the pew of the Ryefield's. After the sermon, in which, as usual, he seemed to breathe his whole noble and lofty soul, arresting—which is a rare thing—the most profound attention of the whole congregation, Rutherford repaired to the vestry, where he remained until he supposed all had departed for their homes. But, in the church-yard stood Mrs. Bently and Angelica, evidently awaiting him. Wearied and disgusted with this woman's persecutions, the young man was passing her by without a glance of recognition, when Angelica tutored by her mother, sprang to his side, saying in her sweet tones, "I hope you'll pardon me for being angry this morning, Mr. Rutherford—mamma says I was wrong."

He took her offered hand as he replied, "we will forget it, my child. But I must go, for I am quite unwell. Good bye!"

"Unwell, Mr. Rutherford?" said the widow, approaching him, and speaking eagerly, "can we, can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, madam," coldly replied the young man stepping back a pace.

"My carriage is waiting—allow us to take you home. You look really ill, my dear friend," persisted Mrs. Bently with a glance which he did not appreciate.

"No, madam, I thank you. The distance is but short, and the walk will do me more good. Aunt Jessie, too, is awaiting me. Good morning."

He spoke so coldly and decidedly, that the widow, with all her boldness, was obliged to cease her unwelcome proffers, and Rutherford passed on, leaving Mrs. Bently vexed and baffled.

"Let us go," she said to her daughter, "we honor that proud man far too much."

And stepping into her carriage the widow's thoughts were these:—

"His heart aches now for that silly girl, but if he continues to scorn me thus, it shall ache far worse before I have done with him. And this unprincipled woman" reclined back in her carriage and commenced plotting a new scheme against the peace and happiness of the estimable young divine, who never looked up as she passed him on the way home.

Meanwhile Grace was suffering keenly. Again and again she contrasted the earlier days of her acquaintance with Wm. Rutherford, with those of the past month. 'Tis true he had never told her he loved her in words, but if looks and actions ever spoke the passion, assuredly it had been breathed a thousand times in his. Indeed, even now, when she felt that he had forsaken her, there was not the shadow of a doubt upon her mind that he had loved her with all the truth of his soul, though why, or by what means his feelings had become so painfully changed, she could not divine. Her cousin Di, alone, with the natural quickness of apprehension, and a sort of innate knowledge of human nature, read the mystery aright, and secretly resolved to do all in her power to render her cousin service.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

LIST OF THE REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TIMES.

Rev. Dr. Wheat, Rev. C. H. Wiley. Pres. Jones, Pres Craven, Prof. Carr, Prof Van. Eaton, Prof. Ganaway, Prof. Sterling, Prof. Rockwell, Prof Graves, Prof. Richardson, Rev. A. Baker, Rev. J. E. Edwards, Rev. Leo. Rosser, Rev. B. Clegg, H. C. Jones, B. Sumner, R. H. Brown, J. D. Campbell, R. W. Millard, M. W. Cuthbertson, S. H. Wiley, W. H. Garris, Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey, Florence Fay, Lottie Linwood, Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Beatrice, Emma Sophia Mills, J. Starr Holloway, Finley Johnson, G. W. Cothran, Mrs. C. H. Criswell, Jeannie, Mattie May, Eulalia, Latona, A. Perry Sperry, Homo, Aurora, Mollie, Stella, Claude, Miss Anna M. Bates, C. M. Tenley, C. G. Dunn, J. Austin Sperry, Clarence Carleton, Clara Augusta, Fanny Fielding, Lelia Montrose, Mat Social, Dr. Wm. Hauser, Geo. Lewellyn Miner, Winnie Woodfern, Stella Steel, Miss Mary W. Janvrin, Justin S. Cressy, Frederick W. Miner, J. Fred. Simmons, Geo. A. Hobbs, Nathalie, T. W. Upsher, Redclift, Zepheros, H. N. Snyder, Maj. J. S. Miller, Willie E. Pabor, Ernest Mullet Rement, Invalid, Mrs. E. C. Loomis, Marie S. Ladd, Ben Bloomer.

THE DANVILLE AND GREENSBORO CONNECTION:—It will be remembered that Mr. Boyd, of Rockingham, presented a bill in the Senate of the late Legislature, to charter a railroad connecting Danville and Greensboro. Notwithstanding the bill was lost, yet the arguments of the friends of the road won much in public favor. And perhaps a few reflections, even at this time, may not be unprofitable.

The only seeming argument offered by the opposition was the loss of the through travel and the Mail on the Wilmington and Weldon Rail Road. The friends of that road states this amount at $260,000. It is quite natural that the Stockholders of the W. & W. Railroad should oppose the connection; but that senators, sworn to act on the principles of justice, should legislate for monopolies, one section of the state against another, is not so easily accounted for. It is readily admitted by all, that this connection will not injure the N. C. Railroad, but on the contrary will greatly enhance its value. At least 94 miles of the road will become a link in the great Southern travel, without diminishing a dollar from the remaining 130 miles.

But the blindness of the opposition is still more mysterious, when we look at the subject in another light. It is impossible for the W. & W. road to hold their monopoly, for Virginia is running a road through her Western borders and East Tennessee, direct to Atlanta, Ga. That route is 119 miles shorter than by the way of Wilmington, and will certainly rob her of her cherished boon.

Self preservation, we grant is the first law of nature; but we are unable to determine the source of that spirit which will give a privilege denied them, to the stranger in preference to a brother. And the denial of this connection between Danville and Greensboro, can result from no other spirit. For figures say the way of the East Tennessee road is 119 miles shorter from Washington to Atlanta than by the W. & W. road; but by the way of Danville and Greensboro, it is 58 miles nearer than by the East Tennessee route.

Then the course of the opposition says tacitly—"If we can't enjoy the monopoly, you Western farmers shall not have it for we will drive it into Virginia first." And they are driving it there fast. We append the concluding remarks of Mr. Myers, of Mecklenburg, delivered in the Senate on this Bill;—

"But sir, to recur again to this most vexed question, as to who shall enjoy the benefits of the through travel. If the proposition be true—and it cannot be successfully contradicted—that the Danville road, and 94 miles of the N. Carolina road, would be "the great highway," why in the name of justice shall we not have it, especially as this travel must be irretrievably lost to our own people if we do not get that road. And to largely contribute to the finances of the State, this company proposes to pay a bonus for the liberty of constructing it out of their own private means, of 20 cents on the passenger, and 20 cents on every ton of freight. Is this no inducement to Senators who so much deprecate the present embarrassed condition of the State? The senator from Davidson, (Mr. J. W. Thomas,) has put that amount to the sum of $50,000. I think the senator short of the mark. It could not be less than $110,000 per annum to the State—an amount almost equal to one-third of the annual income of the State. Is this nothing to be taken into the account? and as figures are stubborn things, let us see whether the expectations set forth can, upon any data, be reasonably hoped for or seriously entertained. The report, gives the East Tennessee road the advantage in distance over the Wilmington, Weldon and Manchester roads of 116 miles, and the Danville rout 58 miles over the East Tennessee road.

Thus it will be seen that the travel is inevitably lost to the lower roads, and the time and distance is so greatly in favor of the East Tennessee road that no other deduction can be drawn than what I have shown. Apart from distance, time and money, we hold that the State has no right to deny a charter to any portion of her people to follow any lawful business, or discriminate in favor of a class or section. That the exercise of such right is arbitrary and unjust—one that cannot and should not be submitted to, and Senators should look well to the motives that prompt them to the perpetration of this wrong."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY CLAUDE.

NUMBER VII.

THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

Niagara river, from lake to lake, comprehends a distance of less than forty miles. Contracted as this border region is, as an important section of the geographical line between governments that have not always been on terms of amity, it has often been made the theatre of war. Its localities are associated with the history of our country, with the fame of her military chieftains and many glorious and victorious battles, and on this, if on no other account, are worthy of a passing notice at the hand of the tourist. First, we behold the Indian roaming the majestic solitude; next, the weary pioneers of the civilization and the voices of Europe, mingling the hereditary hatred of their respective nations, when thrown in contact with each other; then a protracted struggle for a mastery between the delegated powers of those nations; then a lull of peace and prosperity; again the atrocities of war; and now the blessings of peace.

The Iroquois Senecas were the immediate predecessors of the whites on this frontier. This name was given by the French to the confederacy of the Five Nations, to which the Senecas belonged. Remnants of these "Romans of the West," still linger around their primeval homesteads; and while the rapacity of the white man has stripped them almost entirely of their possessions, and shorn them of their power, their ancient league is still in force, their traditional customs still observed. Yearly they glide to their council-fire, through the waving grain-lands of their once proud forest home, like lingering spirits of the past, to banquet on their traditionary greatness.

The Neuter Nations were the first proprietors of the soil or the first of whom we have any account, and supposed to be identical with the Kah-Kwas, "in whose wigwams the fierce Hurons and relentless Iroquois met on *neutral ground*."

It is not known when this region was first visited by Europeans. The St. Lawrence was discovered in 1534, and such an event was *then* made *possible*. French traders are said to have visited the Falls as early as 1610 and 15, but there are no authentic accounts to confirm the statement. Father De La Roch Daillon is reputed to have wintered there in 1620 as a missionary. In 1667, Robert Caralier de La Salle, a native of France, set out for the new world. Following up the St. Lawrence, he explored Lake Ontario, and ascended to Lake Erie. The second expedition was that of De Nousille, in 1685, the facts of which expedition are woven into W. H. C. Homer's beautiful poem of "Yonnondio."

The Tuscaroras were driven from their original seats in North Carolina by the aggression of the whites in 1712, and migrated to New York, and became merged in the confederacy of the Iroquois. In the Revolutionary war a part of them sided with the English, and a part remained neutral. Their reservation is in Lewistown, nine miles North-west of the Falls. The Holland Company donated to them two miles square, adjoining their reservation, and in 1804, they purchased of the Company 4329 acres which is their present possessions.

President Madison's proclamation of war, in 1812, threw the whole frontier into consternation. The pioneers unprotected by a sufficient force, and dreading the treacherous warfare of the British Indians, were ready to abandon their homes to the tender mercies of the enemies. The strong positions of the Americans were Buffalo and Fort Niagara; those of the British were Fort Erie and Fort George, a redoubt opposite Black Rock, a battery at Chippewa, another below the falls, and the defences on Queenston Heights.

On the 11th of August, Maj. Gen. Van Renpelaer, of the New York Militia, established his head-quarters at Lewiston. On the 13th of Oct., he crossed the river at Lewiston and took possession of Queenston Heights. Shortly after the occupation, Gen. Brock arrived with a reinforcement of 600 troops, and, in attempting to rally them after their first repulse, was killed. His aid-de-camp, Mc'Donough fell likewise by his side. Meanwhile the British having received another reinforcement, the undisciplined Militia of Van Renpelaer's rear division, as they had not yet crossed the river, preferred to remain where they were, although they were obliged to see their gallant companions suffer a total defeat. This was the chief event on this frontier in the campaign of 1812, never perhaps was less accomplished under circumstances so favorable as on the Americans during this campaign. On the 27th of May, 1813, Gen. Dearlorn captured from the British, Fort George, at Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara river.

After the British had withdrawn their regular forces from the frontier, General M'Clue, in command of Fort George wantonly burned the town of Newark, evacuated the conquered territory and returned to his own side of the river. The post evacuated by M'Clue, was soon occupied by Col. Murray with a force of 500 British soldiers and Indians. Gen. M'Clue, feeling perfectly secure at Fort Niagara, took up his headquarters at Buffalo. Colonel Leonard, equally secure, slept in his own house three miles above the fort. Thus the force of Murray crossed the river before day-break, surprised the garrison, and made themselves masters of the post. Likewise Lewiston, Niagara Falls, Black Rock and Buffalo, fell an easy prey to the destroyer.

But the campaign of 1814, retrieved the fortunes of this. Gen. Brown was appointed Commander of the frontier, associating with him, Winfield Scott, Gaines, Miller and others. Then followed a brilliant succession of victories,—the capture of Fort Erie, the battle of Chippewa, the battle of Lundy's Lane, and finally the greatest of all victories—Peace.

Beech Spring, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

DOWN EAST, Feb. 3, 1857.

Dear Times: Why, in the name of everything good and great, you took it into your head to wallow through a thousand miles of snow-drifts to visit so unimportant a personage as is our humble self, and bearing, too, our name, amid scores of bright stars in the literary firmament, is a mystery too deep to be solved by brains no more powerful than our own.

How did this happen, fair *Times?* Why should you undertake so long a voyage at so inclement a season of the year, and on such a bootless errand? And didn't you know that it is a most hazardous undertaking for *anything*, even a literary journal, as handsome and good as yourself, to venture into New England so soon after a Presidential contest? 'Tis even so, and the fact is to be deplored. A little less of the old Puritanical blood in northern veins would make us denizens of this frozen clime altogether, better neighbors than we now are;—let a little of this out, and that spirit of intolerance, which characterizes us as a people, would soften down to a proper consisteney, and instead of seizing every opporunity to insult and abuse our Southern brethren, we should court their society, and strive for a more amicable relationship than now exists between us. *Time* will work out matters about right, and in the meantime, let us trust in Providence, and keep our powder dry.

But how came the *Times* to find out where we tied up, away off here in the State of Maine? Who has been at work, digging us out of our obscurity, and taking such unwarrantable liberties with our name? I cannot doubt how this thing is brought about:—I see in this the penprints of one, the initials of whose name wouldn't "*Curtius*" give all his possessions to know? Oh! you provoking little fairy! You are determined to be my Evil Genius in my journey through this vale of tears; you clog my step everywhere, and since the, to *you*, disastrous termination of that celebrated "*Theological Discussion*," I haven't had a moment's peace at your hands—not one. What do you mean by thus dragging me out into the public arena, to be seen and laughed at by every beholder? I've told you often, that your soul was like the adamant; that you were a cruel, heartless girl, and notwithstanding you persist in denying the charge, still I will not abate one jot or title from my well-founded judgment, and now, Miss, you may wince in welcome;—I've said it again, and I'll stick to it.

Well, *Times*, I'm a good deal pleased with your appearance; you are better looking, if anything, than your Boston and N. York kinsfolk; you are a right tidy looking affair, and the intellectual pabulum, which you offer to your thousands of admirers, is as palatable and invigorating as the most fastidious epicure could desire. Your contributors are a sterling set of people, many of them I have the honor of knowing; they are of the right stamp—all of them—sound-hearted and true;—peace and good will to each and every one of the company.

Times, I hope to have many a pleasant *tete-a-tete* with you before you and I cast our anchor within the vale, and, for the present, here, hoping that your shadow may never be less. Yours always,

ENDOR.

AMERICA FORETOLD IN THE BIBLE:—This was the subject of a lecture, delivered by Mr. Pitts, in the Tabernacle of New York, recently. The lecturer demonstrated that the rise of great nationality was promised in an age of intelligence, energy and locomotion, and argued that this was not literally the restoration of the Jews but the prophecy was realized in the political religious organism of the United States. That this country arose when and where it was promised, at the end of 1,090 prophetic days from the destruction of Jerusalem, which period terminated on the fourth of July, 1786. He said that the land pictured in the prophecy of Daniel was to be inhabited by a people gathered out of all nations; that it was to be located between too seas—eastern and western—that all cities should have neither walls nor gates, nor bars, and that it was to be first visited by ships of Spain; that emigration would come for the freedom of worshiping God, and that it was to be a republic, and that this republic should be an epoch in the history of humanity, to learning, agriculture, and trade, that the United States was the stone kingdom promised by Daniel—the man child born of the Virgin Woman of the Wilderness—the land shadowing wings. In fact, that this is the country and government that was the child of Providence, and was nurtured and raised up as a model government of the world which all the empires would finally conform. But before republicanism becomes world wide, the greater battle of civil and religious liberty on one side ecclesiastical despotism on the other, would come off on the field of Armageddon.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS.

BY MATTIE MAY.

NUMBER III.

I have moved my little, low seat nearer the fire, for it is very cold to-night, and whilst my fingers are busy on my accustomed work, my thoughts are rambling away from all surrounding scenes. Thoughts and dreams of other years swell again in my heart, while vague and shadowy visions of the Future flit through the garland, memory is twinning. What a holy blessed influence these memories exert upon the current of our thoughts! and come stealing low and sweet, oftime sad, as the wind harp's wild moan, through the inner temple of the soul. They wind around stern Experience, as moonlight around the strong battlement; and cling to our destinies, be they bright or gloomy. They come to us in the toils and perplexities of life, and bring a smile to the lip, when the Present is shrouded in gloom and forebodings of the future haunt the cares of the moment. Who has not seen the struggling of thought upon the earnest, expressive countenance of a child, thoughtful beyond his years? And who can tell the tenor of thought, which then twines around the soul of the child; or that in after years, but that these dreamings, will be cherished as the "memories of other years?" Aye, these dreams of bye gones are beautiful, and it is sweet to retire where

"Heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells
And ever musing melancholy reigns."—

and in these retreats, to bathe o'er and o'er again in the genial sunlight of Memory. To dream of childhood's sunny hours and schooldays, when all things were painted in hope's brightest colors, and the heart lingered to dream of this very future which is with us now; O is it not a joyous recreation of the mind? But is the reality as bright as a childish imagination once painted it? Too often, far, very far from it, yet the busy plodding soul, sometimes ceases for a moment his life cares, and yields to the witchery of the past. He once thought to be a noble man, great and honored in his native land, but what is he now? A mere pensioner on the filthy lucre, dealed him sparsely, by a heartless world; and this is the life of thousands. They have "put away childish things," and mayhap lost the confiding trust, and frankness of a child's happy heart; and deceit cunning and distrust have made up the lost character. Perhaps 'tis well for "change" is the inscription on mortality.

But I am wondering; the loved ones of the home circle, have passed from the link round the hearthside, the taper is flickering, and on the hearth lies but a bed of gloomy coals, whilst my fingers have woven up the thread, as my heart quaffed the bubbles on Memory's waves. I am *alone:* and I feel keenly the meaning of that word. I gladly chase every sweet vision, that lingers in the "mind's airy chambers," but when I come back to look around I feel I am *all alone*. I arise and parting the window curtains, gaze upon the beauty of a moonlight night. The ground is covered with snow, and on its glistening surface are shadowed the tall oaks with their leafless boughs. Back, for back to the Westward, a dark forest of pine and oak lean against the sky, and one lofty sentinel, seems waving its boughs in triumph above the rest, whilst the silver sheen of moonlight brings it out in bold relief against the sky—

A deep blue curtain closed round
Kindly embracing our Earth
And Night her dusky brow hath bound
With silver stars of Heavn'ly birth.
Beautiful! thus to lure the soul
And bring it nearer Heaven
For too deep for the mind's control—
Are the thoughts that God has giv'n.

MARRIAGE OF EMINENT PERSONS.—"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents:

Addison	44	Luther	42
Aristotle	36	Mozart	25
Ben Jonson	21	Old Parr, last	120
Burke	26	Penn	22
Brahe	27	Peel	32
Byron	27	Shakspeare	23
Burns	30	Scott	26
Bonaparte	27	Sterne	26
Buffon	55	Sir W. Jones	37
Chaucer	32	Swift	49
Dante	26	Tycho	27
Davy	33	Walker	22
Franklin	34	Wordsworth	33
Fuller	26	Washington	27
Hogarth	32	Wellington	27
Johnson	26	Wilberforce	38
Kepler	26	Wesley	47
Linnæus	39	Young	37

Different nations and different persons mature at different ages—some at fifteen years, others at thirty. Men and women, ripen early or late, and "keep" accordingly. Early apples—in this latitude—ripen in Agust, and decay in September, while those winter apples which ripen *late* in the season, keep sound and good from six months to a year.

Precocious children, like wormy apples, fall off early, while those of more slow growth hang on till fully matured, and are of some service in the world. But the *proper* age to marry is, when all the functions and faculties have attained their full strength, and when in perfect health and vigor.

Neither the lame, the halt, nor blind should marry. Neither children nor those in their dotage should marry. Relations, especially cousins, should never intermarry.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Feb., 10th. 1857.

The Bond St. Murder still a Mystery—The weather—Business—Increase of Crime—Fashion—Hoops—&c.

You have doubtless e'er this published the account of this great Murder on Bond Street, but you have no idea of the immense excitement it has created here, although the murder took place some ten days ago, our papers contain nothing but further particulars, which particulars are only that no one knows anything at all about the affair, and although the Coronors Jury has been sitting seven or eight days and has examined hundreds of witnesses the matter is still a profound and strange mystery. Now how the murder could be committed and persons living opposite, should hear the cry of murder, while no one in the house with the murdered man should be disturbed, I cannot see, but such from the evidence appear to be the facts of the case, and as yet no certain clue to the murderer is found, though circumstances point to the wife of the murdered man and her particular friend *Eckel*, as the guilty parties and here the matter rests at present.

The weather here is now moderate and Springlike, the Ice has entirely disappeared from our Harbours and Navigation persues its usual course, the City authorities are having the snow removed from the principal Streets, and e'er long we will again be able to migrate without the fear of wet feet.

The Spring business has already opened and our merchants have put aside their holiday faces and begin to present that careworn business aspect so common to this city. Boxes, Bales and packages of all shapes and sizes, are seen everywhere in utter profusion and confusion. While Draymen and Cartmen hurry up their lazy steeds, with the slang expression of "*Go long, what I feed you for*" and everything is trotting the daily round of New York—business life, the *drummers*, (I don't mean men that beat on drums, but) nice young men with clean shirts and pockets full of cards, are lounging about the hotels in search of customers, and many of them as much in want of one as Richard was of a Horse, when he offered his kingdom for one. With this slight exception that their kingdom is yet to come.

Crime is fearfully on the increase here and is carried on in every shape with impunity, there is hardly a night in the week, but unoffending persons are either Garrotted or knocked down and robbed, and what is more strange the perpetrators are rarely ever apprehended by our *excellent foreign police*.

The Fashions are but little changed so far as the style of goods is concerned though as a general thing they are prettier than they have been for years. Most kinds of staple goods are up but the advance is but small. The *circle* of our female friends is still being enlarged and they are fast getting beyond that point when we can call them angels, for who ever heard of an angel in hooped petticoats. O, Phoebus, to think of having to climb over whalebone bars to reach your *jewlar-keys*, lips, Hoop, Hoop, Hurah.

Yours truly.

ST. CLARE VESPER.

PROGRESS OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH:—The National Intelligencer says it received on the 26th ult., the first telegraph despatch from the Island of Newfoundland. Through the enterprise of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Companies, a cable has been laid connecting Newfoundland with the Island of Cape Breton, and also another connecting the latter island with Nova Scotia. The extension of land and submarine lines connects at the western border of Nova Scotia with the lines of the American Telegraph Company, extending from that point to the city of New York, a distance of more than seventeen hundred miles.

"The despatch received yesterday was sent from St. John's Newfoundland, at 11 o'clock and six minutes, and arrived in this city at 10 o'clock and fifty-six minutes. The difference of time between the two places is somewhat less than an hour; but, owing to the disconnection of lines and the use of different instruments on the route by which the message was transmitted, the despatch required to be rewritten six times on its progress through six independent telegraphic circuits, which explains the fact that the message arrived in this city only ten minutes before it left Newfoundland.

The distance between Washington and the last-named place is but little short of two thousand miles, and the ordinary time of travel between the two points by mail is but little less than a month.

This Newfoundland line, the reader will understand, is destined to form the western connexion of the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph, to aid the construction of which a bill has already been passed by the Senate. The progress which has thus been made in one of the branches of that magnificent enterprise, which proposes to link together the Eastern and Western continents, the Old World and the New, affords not only a presage of its final consummation, but illustrates the rapid strides which have already been made towards a trial of the great experiment, whose successful issue will mark an epoch not only in the annals of science, but in the civilization and history of the world."

PENALTY OF NEGLECT:—A lady of Madison Indiana, was compelled, a few days since to undergo the operation of having a large portion of her upper jaw removed. This disease of the bone was originally caused by neglected decayed teeth.

Woman is the noblest work of the Creation.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

What I wrote in Mary's Album.

BY WILLIE R. PABOR.

By Life's spring kept ever vernal
And as odorous as May,
May your heart have youth eternal
As it tastes the bliss supernal
Coming with each opening day.

As the tide of time is flowing
To the ocean of the years,
May fair winds alone be blowing,
As your barque of life is going
Over shoals of grief and fears.

And I wish you, merry Mary,
Loving hearts and loving hands,
Which through life will never vary,
But be like some pleasant fairy,
Guiding you to pleasant lands.

And as each year comes and leaves you,
May your heart its memories keep,
With no single deed that grieves you,
With no single thought that gives you
Sighs to breathe or tears to weep.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N.C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER; OR, THE GOLDEN KEY, a Union Story pronounced by competent judges of most brilliant interest—to be donated as a New Year's Present to the "Times."

LIFE PICTURES; HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, by *Fanny Fielding*, author of "Footprints of the Pestilence."

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

THE MAD CAP AND HER COUSINS, a prize story by *Mrs. C. H. Criswell.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON; OR THE TRULY GOOD, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; OR, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by *Ina Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILLE; OR, CONSTANCY REWARDED, by *Charles M. Tenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive during this month, at least

5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Will not every one who loves home and home institutions, lend their name and influence to establish in their midst a great SOUTHERN LITERARY WEEKLY. With your help, we pledge you to spare neither labor nor expense to make the TIMES the best paper American genius can produce. We only ask you to try us one year.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year	.....	$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	.....10.00
10 "	"	.....15.00
20 "	"	.....25.00
50 "	"	.....50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

PROFITABLE FARMING.—The Clarksville Tobacco Plant says: "Capt. A. Slade, of Caswell, N. C., and his two brothers have sold their entire crops of Tobacco, lugs included, to a Lynchburg manufacturer, for the extraordinary price of $35 per hundred lbs. Capt. Slade estimates his crops at 18,000 or 20,000 lbs. It is the product of the labor of some ten hands. If it should turn to be 20,000 lbs. he will realize from each laborer the unprecedented sum of $700. Can the cotton fields of Louisiana, the sugar plantations of Cuba, the rice fields or the turpentine districts of the Carolinas, boast of larger profits?

The Tobacco which commands these prices is of a very fine texture, but its chief claim to superior excellence is attributable to the mode of curing. Of this mode we can give the public no more satisfactory exposition than that charcoal is the fuel used."

We saw a specimen of charcoal cured tobacco, a few days since, raised in Caswell, and of the quality above described. We would advise our farmers, all who have Tobacco land, to turn their attention to its cultivation, for the demand in distant markets will never grow less.

Trial of Marshal Ney.

No one who reads the history of Napoleon and his Marshals will fail to be struck with high admiration for the character, and deep sympathy for the fate of Marshal Ney. He was a man of many noble parts; of grand and lofty courage, and of undying devotion to his master and what he supposed his master fighting for—liberal principles. A curious story was started after his death which threw some doubts and mystery over his tragical end. It was said that he was not killed: that the officers and soldiers being his old companions in arms, fired blank cartridges and that he was borne off apparently dead and afterwards emigrated to America.

A good many years ago a Frenchman made his appearance in one of the Western counties of this state. His name he gave as Ney. He seemed to desire to live in obscurity and never gave his history; for a number of years he taught school. Sometimes he would speak with familiarity and always with excitement of the thrilling scenes, battles &c., in the career of Napoleon. When allusions would be made to Marshal Ney he would become silent or change the subject. After his death several articles were found in his trunk together with a curious paper writing in hieroglyphics accompanied by a key, which produced the conviction that he was the identical Marshal Ney.

But be this as it may, the history of the trial and execution of Ney by Alison, copied in the Jan. No. of the Home Circle is read by no one without sensation. We condense it leaving out some of the minutia.

The charge against him was treason and crimes against the State. He was in Paris when the capitulation with the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher was signed. He received passports under a feigned name, from Fandie. By Talleyrand's advice he was leaving France and had proceeded as far as Nantua, when he changed his purpose and returned to his residence at the chateau of Bossonis. He made no attempt to conceal himself and in consequence was soon taken and sent to Paris. There was considerable difficulty in getting a court to undertake the responsibility of his trial. Marshal Moncey, who at the time presided over a military commission refused to try him and was imprisoned three months for his refusal.

He was then sent before the Chamber of Peers. Berryer and Dupin, eminent lawyers, appeared as counsel for him.

His lawyers could not deny his guilt, but attempted to paliate it by the plea that he was not a free agent, when he signed the proclamation sent to him by Napoleon, that the sentiment in favor of it was so strong and the cause of Napoleon was so warmly embraced by his soldiers that he could not do otherwise than sign it. The opposing counsel destroyed this plea by Ney's own admissions to Generals Locourbe and Bourmont.

It was then insisted by his counsel that he was protected by the 12th article in the capitulation of Paris, as it was there stipulated that no person then in Paris should be molested on account of his conduct during the Hundred Days.

After Marshal Devoust had given in his testimony on this point, Ney exclaimed in the midst of the trial "The article was so entirely protective that I relied on it; but for it can it be believed I would not have died with sword in hand? It was in defiance of that capitulation that I was arrested, and on its faith that I re-entered France." The Peers decided that they were not bound by that capitulation. One of his counsel then urged as a last resort that he was no longer a Frenchman, as by treaty made in the month of Nov. preceeding, the place of his birth had been detached from France. The Marshal stopped him, exclaiming, "I am a Frenchman and will die as such. Hitherto my defense has appeared: it is no longer so. I thank my generous defenders, but I would rather not be defended than to have the shadow only of defense. I am accused in opposition to the faith of treaties, and are precluded from appealing to them. I imitate Moreau—I appeal from Europe to posterity!"

He was found guilty and sentenced to death according to martial law. That night he slept camly and after smoking a cigar slept some hours. M. Chaudey awoke him to announce the decission of the Peers which was made in his absence.

"Marshal" said he "I have a melancholy duty to perform."

"Do your duty" said Ney "we all have ours in this world."

When he commenced reading the preamble, calling over the titles of the accused—Prince of the Moskwa, Duke of Elchingen, he interrupted: "Say simply Michel Ney, soon a little dust; that is all." There was an effort made during the night to have his sentence commuted to banishment; but the King was unmovable. At three in the morning M de la Rechecourt, with two hundred Soldiers went to the palace of Luxembourg where Ney was confined. At nine the Marshal having drunk a little claret, entered a carriage, accompanied by the cure of St. Sielpice, two soldiers occupying the front seat. "The vehicle drew up in the gardens to the left of the entrance, about fifty yards from the gate. Ney got out with a rapid step, and placing himself eight paces from the wall, said addressing the officer in command, "Is it here sir? "Yes, M le Marechal" was the reply. He refused to have his eyes bandaged. "For five and twenty years" said he, "I have been accustomed to face the balls of the enemy." Then taking off his hat with his left hand and placing his right upon his heart, he said, in a loud voice, fronting the soldiers. "My comrades; fire on me." The officer in command gave the signal and he fell without a struggle. Death was instantaneous: three balls had penetrated the head and four the breast. The place of execution may still be seen in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and no spot in Europe will excite more melancholy feelings in the breast of the spectator."

TO YOUNG MEN:—The following seasonable advice to "little readers" is clipped from the Darlington Flag. Morality is the foundation of character and the corner-stone of respectability. He who would attempt to build on any other foundation will soon find himself wrecked on the sand bars of infamy and ruin. Some young gentlemen think it smart to swear. We think there can be no better evidence of a fool, for we are certain there is nothing witty or wise in profanity. We have no use for a boy who swears, curses, drinks, smokes or says smart things. The end of that boy will be sorrow.

"Do you swear or use vulgar language? we hope not. If you do, let us inquire wherein you are benefitted thereby. The use of such language does not add to your respectability, it does not win the regard of those older than yourself: on the contrary, it detracts from your worth, lowers you in the esteem of the good and virtuous, while even the profane of larger growth feel a contempt for you. To indulge in profane language is not only useless, but it is sinful; the book from which we gather what is due to our Maker commands that we 'swear not at all!' Some young persons think that it sounds large, that it is manly to swear; this is all a mistake. There is nothing in the use of an oath which is calculated to confirm or beautify an assertion. The good, the moral and the virtuous, those whose esteem we should most desire to win, do not respect the profane and vulgar.

If you swear at all, if you are in the habit of using obscene language, you are careful not to do either in the presence of your parents and others, from whom you know you would receive a rebuke. Have you ever thought of the inconsistency of doing, in the presence of GOD, who always sees you, what you are ashamed to do before some of his creatures? If you will consider the matter right, you cannot fail to see, not only uselessness, but the great wickedness of such language as we have referred to. Remember, then, that morality and virtue are beautiful, while profanity and obscenity are low and disgusting.

If you have heretofore been addicted to the use of improper language, break off at once; it is a habit which will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength. Stop it while you may and before it has done you an injury, which time and eternity may fail to remedy."

COAL:—The annual coal production of Great Britain is at present 40,000 tons, and the coal area of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, is 11 859 square miles, out of an extent of territory of 120,290 square miles. Pennsylvania has a coal area of 15,637 square miles, out of an extent of 47,000 square miles, and the production in anthracite alone, last year was over seven millions of tons, with two millions of bituminous. The coal trade has been the foundation of England's manufacturing and commercial wealth. It is now the great business of Pennsylvania, and every year developes it more largely. The value of its productions at present is forty millions of dollars annually—nearly equal to the gold productions of California. At the same price, the value of the coal production in Great Britain would be equal to $180 000,000. Pennsylvania's coal producing capabilities are greater than those of Great Britain, and the foundation of its wealth is therefore broader and deeper.

When the coal fields of Chatham and Dan River are fully developed and brought into market by means of the Railroad, what a time it will be for the Old North State! She will then be one of the richest and most prosperous states in the Union. How long ere this shall be the case!

LADIES BEWARE:—It is altogether from a sense of duty that we publish the subjoined from the Marion *Commonwealth* and not that we have the least faith in its beneficial effect. Ladies are so tenaciously constituted, that when they take a fancy to a thing, death itself cannot move or deter them. But here is the extract:—

"DEATH FROM DIPPING SNUFF:—There have been several deaths in Austin Texas, of late, caused by dipping snuff.—Among the victims to this pernicious habit, was a little girl about five years old. She had been in the habit of using snuff in the ordinary manner of dipping, so prevalent among the ladies in and around Marion, that she had become so fond of it, as to amount almost to a mania, the consequence was that she died from the excessive use of it."

PERSEVERANCE:—Half the failures in this and every country arise from lack of perseverance.

SILK:—Four and a half millions of raw silk are exported annually from China into this country.

PRIVATE CORNER.

ENDOR:—You are, perhaps, well posted up. Glad to hear from and see that you are in such good spirits, notwithstanding the immensely deep snow.

"PLEBEIAN LAWYER?—This sketch is good. It contains some objectionable sentences, and especially your *nom de plume*. We will however, try and change and publish. Would like to hear from you again.

GEO. LEWELLYN MINER:—Your favors received and much obliged. With pleasure we comply with your request.

J. E. S:—Your sketch of "Mary Queen of Scotts" is on file for publication. We hope you will write again, for this is an *extra* sketch. The style is beautiful.

NATHALIE:—The second number of Historical Reveries will apper next week. We believe this is superior to the first, as high as we regarded it. Its character, Josephene, like the charactor of the former sketch, has shared much of the admiration and sympathy of the world. And any thing relating to her history, as well written, will be read with the greatest relish. We hope the pleasure your sketches afford us will not make us too impatient for the succeeding numbers.

CAROLA:—Much obliged for your compliment and for your most excellent poems. We shall be glad to hear from you oft. Your request is compled with.

MARIE S. LADD:—We are glad to form your acquaintence more intimately than through the Magazines. Your poems and sketches received with many thanks.

ST. CLARE VESPER:—We envite the readers attention to our New York correspondence. A letter every week, perhaps, might lack in very great interest, and variety but we can promise you a letter on all occasions of particular interest, and by the way, our correspondent is a spicy writer.

E. P. S:—Your article on School attendance is well written. It is rather long to be generally read, but we publish with pleasure, and hope all *will* read it.

E. M. B.—*Detroit*, Glad you have reconsidered your rash resolution, and once again taken up your pen. With pleasure, we place your name on our list. A specimen of your poems shall appear next week.

S. J. C W.—We are glad to hear from you again. Much obliged for the introduction. And of course we are pleased rather than suffer the penalty. It would be unendurable.

FLORENCE FAY:—We have been nurturing an inclination for attending the Inauguration, but now find it impossible. It would afford us the greatest pleasure to meet you on that occasion. Glad you will give us the points.

INVALID:—You have our sympathies. We comply with your request with pleasure.

HOMO:—Just too late for this week; shall appear next.

G. W. C:—We regret that the snow has so blocked up the Mail as to make the Times so slow. Your former letter was received and back numbers accordingly mailed. Notes on Literature, No. 4. shall appear next week. The reviews you allude to in your letter will be most acceptable, especially at the present time.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK:—The March No. is on our table. In speaking of the past numbers of the Lady's Book, we have exhausted our vocabulary. The steel engraving in this number is excellent. The figures are almost as distinct as life, and we would not blame a little child for offering to shake hands with the little boy in the foreground. There is no comparing of Godey with any other magazine for illustrations in number, variety and beauty. Each number contains over 100 pages and when clubbed with the Times, it comes at $2 a year. Send us $4 and take the Times and Lady's Book one year.

OHIO JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for Feb. has been received. This no. presents an attractive table to the Teacher. John D. Caldwell is the new Editor. Terms $1 per annum, Columbus, Ohio.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE:—We would like to call particular attention to this publication. We have received the January number, and a most excellent number it is. The Eclectic is decidedly one of the best monthlies published, and every literary man should have a copy. We have some of the back volumes bound and it makes an excellent volume for the library. As the name indicates, this magazine makes its contents from the choice artices in all the foreign periodicals. See the advertisement in this paper, and let us hear from you.

THE UNIVERSITY LITERARY MAGAZINE, Charlottesville, *Va.*:—The first number of this Magazine has been received. After a casual examination, we are inclined to believe it will be inferior to no College Magazine published in the Union. The prospectus states that each no. will contain 56 pages reading matter, though this number has only 48. It is edited by Dabney Cosby, jr., of the Jefferson Society, T. T. Jones, of the Washington Society, and W. B. Ritter, of the Columbian Society. Terms $2.50 per session of 9 months; invariably in advance.

DE BOW'S REVIEW for February presents an interesting table of contents for such as take an interest in the Industrial Resources of the South. It is published monthly in Washington and New Orleans, each number containing 112 pages, at $3 per annum. J. D. B. De Bow, Editor.

THE HOME CIRCLE:—The February number presents the appearance of a superior issue. It is embellished with two steel plates, the one of Antioch and the other of Eliza Cook, author of the "old arm chair." We feel that we cannot speak too highly of the "Home Circle," for it is an ornament to any circle. Terms $2 per annum, Nashville, Tenn.

PAPER FOR SALE:—E. H. Britton, Esq., proprietor, offers the establishment of the Columbia Times for sale. The Times has a good circulation, advertising and job patronage, and offers a fine opportunity for investment.

The New Revenue Bill.

We give only the alterations made in the Revenue Act of 1854—'55—the parts not altered being still in force.

An Act to amend the 99th chapter of the Revised Code, entitled revenue. On every $100 worth of land, including improvements thereon and entries of land, a tax of 15 cents. On all taxable polls, 50 cents. Discontinues the tax heretofore levied for the Insane Asylum. On turnpike tollgates, $15; on other gates permitted to be erected across roads, $5; on public ferries a tax equal to seven times the largest toll demanded; on toll bridges, $15. On studs and Jacks, $6, unless the price for a season be more than that sum, and then the tax to be the highest season price. Owners of such animals, living out of the State, and standing them in it, to pay the tax forthwith to the sheriff. On every dollar of nett interst, over $6, a tax of four cents. Upon every dollar more than $6 of nett dividend or profit, upon money invested in steam vessels of twenty tons burden and upward, or in stocks of any kind, or in shares of any incorporated or trading company, whether in or out of the State, and including bank dividends, bonds and certificates of debt of any other State, a tax of four cents. On every $100 employed in negro trading 33⅓ cents—in any other speces of trade, whether carried on with cash or upon credit, 20 cents. Upon each sulky, gig, buggy, barouche, carriage and other pleasure vehicle, of the value of $50 and upwards, one per cent. on the value thereof. Upon gold and silver plate and ornamental jewelry, except that worn by females, of as great value as $25, a tax of 1½ per cent, on the value thereof. On each gold watch in use, $1.25; on each silver or other watch, 30 cents; on each harp, $2.50; on each piano-forte, $1.50; on each pistol and bowie knife, $1.25; on dirks and sword canes, 65 cents. On licensed retailers of wines, spirituous liquors, &c., $30. On gold headed walking canes, 50 cents; on silver headed canes, 25 cents. On all keepers of houses of public entertainment, whether in town or country, whose receipts amount to $300 or more, a tax of one-fourth of one per cent. On every public billiard table, $125, unless there be more than one kept in the same room, and in that case a tax of $65 on each additional one. On private billiard tables, $25 each. On each bowling alley, $50; and on each additional one kept by the same person, $15. On each livery stable, $25. On each pack of playing cards sold, 35 cents, to be paid by the seller. On all peddlers of patent soaps, patent medicines, razors, razor strops, toothache remedies, &c, a tax of $10 for each county in which they peddle. On persons putting up lightning rods $30 for each county. On daguerreotypists, ambrotypists and photographists, $10 for each county in which they take likenesses. On each mortgage deed, marriage contract and deed in trust, $1. On marriage licenses, $1 each. Taxes imposed on retailers, ordinaries and inns, and tavern keepers, peddlers, billiard tables to be paid in advance to the sheriff. On every merchant, merchant tailor or jeweler, one-third of one per cent. on all goods, wares, &c., except ready-made clothing; and on the amount of purchases of ready-made clothing, whether for males or females, one per cent. On every merchant, apothecary, druggist or other dealer, consignee or agent, selling at wholesale or retail, spirituous liquors, wines or cordials, five per cent. on the capital employed. Agents selling patent medicines to pay 33⅓ per cent. on the value.

On commission merchants, two per cent. on their commissions. Auctioneers to pay five per cent, on the value of goods sold by him when such goods are brought into the State by non-residents. Merchants to pay their tax to sheriffs on the 1st of April. On pedlers of riding vehicles manufactured out of the State, $40 for each county; on all horses and mules brought into the State for sale, $12 50 in each county. Both these items to be paid in advance to the sheriff. Every person, whether by agency or otherwise, engaged in buying and selling riding vehicles, not of the manufacture of this State, to pay a tax of one per cent on the sum of their purchases. On amount of purchases of parts of such vehicles brought from abroad, one-half of one per cent. All manufacturers, of whatsoever calling, to pay tax of one-half of one per cent. upon the sums of their purchases made out of the State.—On dentists, physicians, lawyers, State and county officers, persons in the employ of corporate and private companies, and all persons, ministers of the Gospel excepted, whose practice, salaries or fees, or all of them together, shall yield an annual gross income of $500, a tax of $5: and for all sums so received over $500, a tax of one per cent. On each attorney's license granted, $15. On all insurance companies in the State, $100; and on all agencies of such companies incorporated out of the State, $100 for each county in which an agency may be established. On all agencies of banks incorporated out of the State, a tax of $500. On express companies, $10 for every county in which they may deliver packages. On circuses and menageries, $75 for each county in which they exhibit. On stage and theaterical companies, rope dancers, slight of hand performers, tumblers, &c., $40 for each county. On exhibitors of natuaral curiosities not already mentioned, $20 for each county. On singers, dancers, lectures, &c., fer reward $10 for each county. The comptroller to have printed forms of tax lists sent to each county court clerk. Clerks to return an abstract to the comptroller on or before the 1st day of June. Sheriffs and other receivers of public money to settle with the comptroller between the last day of June and the first day of October. The sheriff to return, upon oath, to the court of pleas and quarter sessions of his county, at the term next preceding the time at which he may settle with the comptroller, a list of all moneys which he may have recived from the clerks of court, or as double taxes, imposed unlisted property, or on merchants, merchant tailors, jewelers, licensed retailers by small measure, houses of public entertainment, ordinary or inn keepers, billiard tables, bowling alleys, stage players, sleight of hand performers, rope dancers, tumblers, wire dancers, circus riders, equestrian performers, exhibitors of natural or artificial curiosities, apothecaries, druggists, non-resident owners of studhorses and jackasses, horses and mules brought into the State for sale, of carriages, buggies and other riding vehicles, manufacturers of riding vehicles on the sums of the purchases brought out the State of any pieces or parts of such riding vehicles, and on all other manufacturers, upon the sums or amount of their purchases made out of the State, peddlers, brokers, insurance companies, agencies of banks incorporated out of the State, exhibitors of menageries, singers, dancers ethiopian serenaders, perfomers for reward on musical instruments, and other exhibitors for public amusement for reward, dealers in spirituous liquors, livery stables, county registers, auctioneers, commission merchants, and on any add all other subjects for which he ought to account.

THE GARDEN:—The Winter is passed and Spring is soon to be developed in its beauty and freshness. The sun even now feels as warm as any bright May day. To all of our good ladies round about, we would intrude a seasonable hint. How is your Garden? This is just the time for attending to all the little necessaries and luxuries, and we would call your attention to W. C. Porter's Catalogue of Fresh Garden seeds in this paper. Make your selections and send in your orders, and they will be promptly attended to. If you live at a distance, send through the Mail, seeds are light and the Postage but a trifle.

NOTICE TO CLUBS:—Our Club rates are most liberal. They barely cover actual expense. We cannot, therefore, furnish the Times at club rates, only to subscribers at the same Post Office. We make this explanation, because in several clubs received lately, we find the address for different Offices. To such we send only for the time paid at the rates of two dollars per annum. Our agents every where will please remember this.

A GOOD ONE.—A Raleigh correspondent of the Fayettville Observer tells of a joke that occurred in the Senate, which shows that legislators can sometimes be forced from their gravity. He says:

"Quite an amusing scene occurred in the Senate this week, on a bill to emancipate a slave who it seems is almost perfectly white. Some friend or advocate of the measure, just as the bill was about to be called up, requested Mr. Page, the doorkeeper to go out and find the petitioner and stand him at the door of the Senate so that the Senators might see how white he was. Page made a mistake in the man and brought in a gentleman who it seems is a candidate for Superintendent of Common Schools, against the present worthy incumbent. Thinking that the election as about to come on, and that his looks might help him out, he took his stand in view of all the Senate, looking "as sweet" as the last whisper of a spring morning, until the Speaker called upon the Senate to look at him: "he's as white as any of you." Some one discovered the mistake—a roar of laughter ensued—the candidate for superintendent turned off in a rage and wanted to know "who the devil disputed it?"

The above is taken from a Georgia paper, and if it is a fling, as we beleive, at our Legislators, we would like to see it corrected from head quarters.

MURDER:—A negro man, Laws, belonging to Mr. Fries, of Salem, was committed to our jail last week, for stabbing a free negro by the name of Mitchell, at High Point, causing his death. The affair originated in a quarrel about some work they were engaged in.

DIED,

In the Vicinity of Greensboro, on Thursday 12th February, MARY HOUSTON, eldest daughter of Col. Joseph A. Houston, aged about 18 years.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for January, 1857, is embellished with a splendid Portrait of the Emperor of Russia, with a graphic description of the coronation ceremonies at Moscow, another of Dr. Chalmers, in addition to a rich table of contents served up from the Foreign Periodicals, and ready for its friends and patrons. It should be in every library—on every centre-table. The ECLECTIC has 12 numbers of 144 pages each; 12 or more fine Portraits of Celebrated Men, or beautiful Engravings by Sartain—cheap at 20 cents each—leaving less than $1 for each of the three large volumes, with titles and indexes, and nearly 1800 pages per year of choice reading and permanent value. Price $5. Cheap enough. Please order it at once, by Postmaster. Postage 3 cents on each No. Sent to any part of the country. The January No. begins the 40th Volume. Now is a good time to subscribe. Address

EDITORS TIMES,
Greensboro, N. C.

AGENTS WANTED.—A number of intelligent men of good character, for energy and address, are wanted to canvass various parts of the country for new subscribers to the Eclectic Magazine, to whom a liberal commission is offered. Address the Editor.

W. H. BIDWELL,
(59::tf) No. 5 Beekman st, N. Y.

WANTED.

A SITUATION as principal of an Academy or assistant in a High School, by a young man of good moral character, who is competent to fill such a position, and has had considerable experience in teaching. For particulars address Editors Times, and state Terms, &c.

Greensboro, Feb. 2. 1857.

N. C. R. R. CO., 8 PER CENT BONDS.

OFFICE N. C. R. ROAD COMPANY,
SALISBURY, Feb. 17th, 1857.

THE N. C. R. R. CO. OFFER FOR sale to the highest bidder. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of 8 per cent bonds, payable March 1st, 1867, principal and interest exempt by law from taxation. Interest payable semi-annually.

The Capital Stock of the Company is $4,000,000, and this amount of $350,000, will be its only debts. Sealed proposals for these bonds will be received addressed to the President of this Road, at the office of the Public Treasurer, Raleigh. On the 3rd March, the bids will be opened in the presence of the Governor and Public Treasurer.

No bid under par will be considered, and successful bidders will be notified immediately where they may receive the bonds on payment to the Treasurer of the N. C. R. R. Co., of the full amount of their bids.

CHARLES F. FISHER, President.
59::2w

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59cly)

PREMIUMS.—B. FRAZER, OF Randolph county, N. C., is engaged in getting up an extensive Genealogical Chart, to be embellished with Lithographical Likeness of noted Carolinians, accompanied with their favorite Proverbs and Precepts. He offers the following premiums to those disposed to be so kind as to aid this enterprize, by way of sending eight or ten of their more favorite proverbs and precepts, accompanied with as an extensive account of their Genealogy as possible; also an account of the most remarkable events that have taken place in the lives of their ancestry. The best of which will be inserted, with the likenesses of their authors, in the Chart; ten of the next best will be inserted in an explanatory book which will accompany the chart. But the Genealogy and Traditions of all will be given in the Chart, and one copy of the same be sent, when published, to every person that contends for the prizes, which are as follows:

To the person who sends the most comprehensive collection of proverbs and precepts, in the fewest words, will be given 20 copies of the chart and as many explanatory books.

To the person who sends the next best collection will be given 10 copies, to the next 9, the next 8, and so on 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and all others 1 copy, each.

In case of a tie the person who traces his Genealogy farthest will have a preference, so soon as the Committee shall decide to which class the several productions belong. Information thereof will be furnished the authors of the 6 best, requesting them to send their Daguerreotypes, that the Lithographer may insert their Portraits on the Chart, and they will be returned to the owners afterward, with the respective premiums.

All North Carolina Editors are requested [if they please] to copy as often as they can afford during the ensuing year, and forward the No. of the paper containing each notice, with their Genealogy, and the traditions of their Ancestry, to the subscriber, and they will be entitled to receive a copy of the chart for every insertion they give this article when published.

All communications to be addressed to the undersigned, at New Market, Randolph county, N. C., postpaid, within twelve months of this date, as the work must be ready for the Lithographers in that time. B. FRAZER.
Oct. 6, 1856. (59::tf)

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. C. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Dark Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter,
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Wetherfield Prem flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Salia,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora,
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.
Feb. 14.

MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Cantelope,
Nastartium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Setts Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White.
PARSLEY.
Myatt's Garnishing,
Plain,
Curled.
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed,
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS,
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or June,
Dwarf Sugar,
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top,
White Turnip,
RHUBURB,
Myit's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majorum,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co.'s Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Eng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Thursday evening the express train from Weldon when about twenty four miles from Portsmouth ran over a colored man, cutting off both legs below the knees.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HOPE.

BY ENOLA.

Near that gently, murmuring rill
And cot that hangs on yon brown hill
Where all is calm serenely still,
Tall stands my tree of Hope.

Faith planted by this little cot
To bless and cheer my lonely lot,
When by the world and friends forgot,
This smiling tree of Hope.

Its branches broad, extending wide
Shading the cot it stands beside,
Kissing the waters as they glide,
Soft by my tree of Hope.

When all the toil of day is done
And slowly sinks the weary sun,
Lightly I trip or gayly run,
To mount my tree of Hope.

No tree I've found so fair as thee
No friend so dear as thee to me
And I can never faithless be
To thee, my tree of Hope.

This heavenly plant is ever green
And so will ever be, I ween,
For wintry blasts change not thy mein
Thou lovely tree of Hope.

When tempests low'r and threaten' me
I hasten where no storm can be,
Where I am cheerful gay an free
Upon my tree of Hope.

My lover false—my friend unkind
Yet quiet joy I ever find
Under thy peaceful shade reclin'd,
Thou blessed tree of Hope.

When from thy shade obliged to stray
Briars and thorns perplex my way,
And tedious wears the lengthened day,
Torn from my tree of Hope.

Like some young lark with soaring wing,
Pleas'd with the gay returning spring
Perch'd on thy boughs I sit and sing,
Thou lovely tree of Hope.

I found thee not in life's gay scene
What though by all thou'rt falsely seen,
For thou art not of earth born mein,
Thou blessed tree of Hope.

If climb'd by faith thy limbs ne'er bend
From life's rude storm w ll all defend,
And be a guide, a guardian friend,
Thou blessed tree of Hope.

Without one friend o'er me to sigh
While pointing to a brighter sky,
Under thy shade all peaceful die,
Thou blessed tree of Hope.

Norfolk, Va.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAUREL."

CHAPTER IX.

"Can you let me have a dollar, Mrs. Colman; to-morrow is Thanksgiving and the children expect something more than salt and potatoes."

"Really, Mrs. Tillet, I hardly know what to do; but I will see:" and Mrs. Colman steped into the front shop, where a little fatherless son tended a small provision store—which, with a little his mother done with her needle, made them a comfortable support.

"Willie, Mrs. Tillet wishes a dollar, for to-morrow is Thanksgiving and I suppose the poor woman has not much. Can we possibly spare her a dollar?"

"Yes, mother, a little. Abbott has just been in and bought two dollars and a half's worth, so we have made one dollar clear, so she can have it, for I fear she needs it."

"Thank you, mam," said Mrs. Tillet; "hope you have not discommoded yourself."

"No: and if I have it's no matter."

"Good morning, Mrs. Tillet," said Mr. Lolly, "what can I put up for you to day?"

"Not much, sir, for I have but a dollar and owe you half of that."

"No matter about that," as he proceeded to fill a basket, with a nice goose and other things incident to a Thanksgiving dinner, and then said, "Mrs. Tillet, receive this as a present from me—will you? The half a dollar is also yours, with which to buy some nicety for your sick daughter."

Mrs. Tillet's heart was too full for utterance and she only bowed her thanks and left the store. On her way home she stepped into a confectionary to purchase an orange for her sick daughter and some other little dainties that an envalid's appetite craves; she took out a bit of paper carefully, but on unfolding it no coin was visible; pocket and handkerchief were searched, but of no avail—it was gone.

"I cannot take those things, sir, I have lost my money; will you replace them?"

"That's your story, to avoid paying for them."

"Indeed, sir, I had one dollar when I started from Mr. Lolly's and after taking a basket full of Provisions he gave me for Thanksgiving, I came directly here to purchase these things for a sick daughter."

"What is your name, madam?" said an elderly gentleman—looking up from a paper.

"Tillet, sir."

"Was your husband's name Enoch Tillet?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will pay for those things, madam, and here is thirty shillings for necessaries for your sick child. I will call to-morrow provided you will inform me of your residence, madam,"

"Next door below the Hotel, sir."

"Thank you, madam."

"Do you know anything of that woman Mr. Stare," said the confectioner to the gentleman.

"Her husband worked for my firm ten years ago, and one of the most faithful clerks I ever had in my employ; but owing to some misunderstanding he left us and since that time I have heard nothing from them; but being struck with the countenance of the Lady I believed her to be the wife of my friend."

There was joy in that humble home that night, little Jimmy even danced about the room with the goose for a partner,—Hatty ran with the orange to Lizy, and withall no palace could boast of more happiness than they.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Lincoln was the wife of a drunkard, whose daily wages were spent for liquid poison. He made his home one of misery, and his wife and little son, Linford, were the sufferers. No cheerful fire burned on the hearth to warm his cold limbs; no steam of cooking supper greeted his smell; but he was happy—for on his return from going in search of a few chips to kindle a fire, he had found a bright sparkling, silver dollar. What visions of nice things were visible in the circumscribed limits of that magic coin. A nice fowl, a cup of tea for mother, a nice mince pie and a baker's loaf—all flower no meal mixed to increase its size,—but all flour; and a pint of milk for himself. All this he could see in the little magic piece before him.

But, then a sadened look steals over the joyous face. "It is not mine, perhaps some more needy than I lost it—it is not mine; but how could they be more needy than I—nothing for two days but three potatoes and salt, and poor mother hardly that, and no warm tea to nourish her frame. But, if mother says keep it I will. But will ask Mr. Hod if it is wicked for me to keep it. Mr. Hod, I have found a silver dollar, would it be wicked to buy something for my mother, who is sick, and something for us all for to-morrow?"

"Have you nothing to eat, my son?"

"I have not had anything for two days but three potatoes, and poor mother not that. We are very poor, and no fire too."

"Come with me my son;" and he led him to his own dwelling of peace and plenty and loaded him with provision, and a paper of tea for his mother.

"Will you take this, Mr. Hod, and ask if any one lost it, when you go to church to-morrow?"

"I will, my son, but do you not go to church?"

"Not now, I used to go with mother when she was able to sew and get me clothes, but since she has been sick I have worn my clothes out, so I stay at home and take care of her."

"Come to my house to-morrow morning and I will provide you some."

"Oh! thank you, sir; you are too good!"

"Go home to your mother now."

The tale is soon ended, sunshine once more reigned in that home. Sandford once more attended church, the father was cared for, and became a respectable member of society.

OUR BOX.

The readers of Our Box, will find no questions, puzzles or conundrums this week. Perhaps it is due to explain that the Editors of the Times did not intend to fill every page of the paper with their own productions. They intended that the Box shold be *Our* Box, and that every body, old and young shoud feel at liberty to occupy it and feel at ease. It is the common property of us all. Now let the little girls and little boys send us puzzles—let the teachers send us questions—and let every body send a present, but remember, the hole in the top lid of the Box is small and wont admit large pieces. Something short and sweet.

A CARPENTER.—"Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?" —"O, I'se a carpenter and jiner."—"Ho! I guess yer is! What department does yer perform, Sambo?"—"What department? I does the circular work."—"What's that?"—"Why, I turns de grinstone."

Which is the most useful insect, a dog or a gun?

Which is the proper way to spell it, mat-ri-mo-ny, or mater-o-money?

If a flea was big as a horse, as suple in proportian as at present, how far could he jump at one hop?

Why is a pig up two pair of stairs like a dog with the tooth-ache?

Can the late wavering of the Democratic party, be properly styled loco-motion?

Does the Know Nothing party, know when Buchanan is going to get married?

"How fortunate I am in meeting a *rainbeau* in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day to her *beau* of promise who *happened* along with an umbrella. "And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a *rein deer*."

"By my eyes, Jack!" exclaimed a tar, seeing a soldier chained to a cannon ball for punishment, "if there ain't a soldier at anchor."

WITTY.—Theodore Hook, the wit, and a friend, were walking out, when the two came to a toll-bridge.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said the friend to Hook.

"No," replied Hook, "but if you go over it, you'll be *tolled*."

TOUCHING A RAW PLACE.—A justice of the peace, meeting a minister mounted on a fine looking horse, peevishly asked him why he did not ride on a donkey or ass, in imitation of his humble Master? "One important reason is," returned the minister, "that at this time they are scarce, having been transformed, by an all wise Providence, into magistrates."

FARM, HOUSE AND FUN.

SAWDUST FOR ORCHARDS.—A year last fall I hauled a load of old rotten sawdust and threw it around my young appletrees. —My neighbor over the way is one of those characters who plods on the same old track that his father and grandfather did, believe that they knew all, and more too.—My neighbor said if I put sawdust around my trees I would kill them. He said he put manure around some of his trees and killed them. I told him I would risk it, "any how."

I put fresh stable-manure around one row and sawdust around the next; around another row I put leached ashes; and the remainder of the orchard I manured with well-rotted barn-yard manure, and in the spring spread it well, and planted the ground with corn and potatoes. The result was, many trees grew very luxuriantly, but the trees where the sawdust was grew the best, the bark being smoother and the trees had a healthier appearance. I will also state that part of the orchard planted in potatoes grew greatly better than that part planted to corn.—The soil was clay loam.—*Farmer and Visitor.*

SALT FOR FLOWERS.—Mr. Thomas Hogg, an eminent florist, is often quoted as favoring the use of salt in the cultivation of flowers. In a treatise upon flowers, published by him some years since, he remarked that the application of salt, and its utility as a manure, was yet imperfectly understood. It is a matter of uncertainty whether it acts directly as a manure, or only as a kind of spice or seasoning, thereby rendering the soil a more palatable food for plants. The idea that first presented itself to his mind arose from seeing the successful culture of hyacinths in Holland. This root, though not indigenous to that country, may be said to be completely naturalized in the neigborhood of Harlem, where it grows luxuriantly in a deep, sandy, alluvial soil; yet one great cause of its free growth was considered to be owing to the saline atmosphere. This induced Mr. H. to mix salt in his compost for hyacinths, and he expresses himself satisfied that no hyacinths will grow well at a distance from the sea without it. He is also of the opinion that the numerous bulbous tribes of amaryllises, especially those from the Cape of Good Hope—ixias, aliums, anemones, various species of the lily antholyza, colchicum, crinum, cyclamens, narcissus, iris, gladiolus, ranunculus, scilla, and many others—should either have salt or sea-sand in the mold used for them. He adds: "I invariably use salt as an ingredient in my compost for carnations—a plant which, like wheat, requires substantial soil, and all the strength and heat of the summer, to bring it to perfection; and I believe I might say, without boasting, that few excel me in blooming that flower.

[The same argument holds good in the application of salt to other plants. It would "pay" to give every meadow and pasture a top dressing every year with salt. Wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, etc., *all*, may be greatly benefited by the liberal use, of salt, sowed, broadcast upon the land before planting. The most effectual mode of destroying wire-worms—so destructive to grass and corn—is by the free application of salt. Farmers, try it and give us the results.]

Anxious Father—"What am I to do with you, sir—what am I to do with you. Do you know if you continue your present course of cruelty and cowardice you will be fit for nothing but a member of Congress."

Distracted Mother—"Oh don't say that father, don't father! you will humiliate the boy?"

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A married man who could give the right hand of fellowship to his wife's old lover; or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company. A milliner who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head. A husbands relatives who could speak well of his wife. A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.

YOUNG COLTS AND CATTLE.—The half feeding of young stock is one of the most mistaken and injudicious systems ever pursued by man, besides being positively sinful. They should be provided with good tight, warm, dry sheds, lacing the South, opening into yards. They should be so fed, as to be always kept in good growing condition—so fed, as that the elements of bone, muscle, tendons, and a moderate degree of fat, are always to be found in the quantity and quality of their food given them. We do not advocate keeping them like stall fed animals—as fat as London Aldermen, but we do advocate the keeping them in good, thriving, growing condition.

AHEAD OF THE MAIL.—"Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead; it's not so late in the month by one week, you spalpane."

"Troth, boy, indade, an' it's jist meself that it wanting swate Kathleen to git it in advance of the mail. Shure, I'll not care if she gits it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

An old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life, and he accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "what is your age?"

Cabinet Furniture

AND

COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,

MANUFACTURED BY

JOS. SEARS,

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

E. W. OGBURN, dealer in School, Religious, Scientific, Standard, prose and Poetical Works in General Literature; Law Books, Miscellany, Albums, Music and Writing Port Folios, Writing Desks, Music and Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.

Greensborough, N. C.

Market Street, second square from the court house.

CABINET WARE-HOUSE

BY

PETER THURSTON,

West Market, Greensboro, N.C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.

January, 1857. 53:1y

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.

CUMMING & STYRON,

Commission and Forwarding

MERCHANTS,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by

E. W. OGBURN.

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of such as Over Coats, and other heavy Articles, AT COST, and the remaining Goods at prices much below the market rates. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for CASH.

S. ARCHER.

East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank. Greensboro, Dec. 16, 1856.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to

July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by

E. W. OGBURN.

J. N. WOOD,

AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING

MERCHANT,

Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

A. PERRY SPERRY,

(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)

WITH

BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,

IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,

1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

WASHING.

GENTLEMEN, who want washing done, can ascertain, by enquiring at the Times Office, where they can have it done in the best manner and on reasonable terms.

Feb. 4. 1857. (57—3t.)

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

3 DOZ. the great IRON WHEEL examined, or its false spokes extracted, and an exhibition of ELDER GRAVES, its Builder. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.

Just received and for sale by

June, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

GIFT BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED the following beautiful Gift Books.—American Scenery; Leeaflets of Memory, Gem of the Seasons; Passion Flower; The Tokea; &c. &c. For sale at the Book Store.

Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

FRESH ARRIVALS.

PER SCHR. D. C. Hulse, from New York:

25 Bags Rio Coffee,
10 Bbls C. T. Sugar,
10 Kegs Goshen Butter, prime,
Low for cash.

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, Jan. 15.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,

N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

April, 1856.

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.

W. OGBURN.

May, 1856

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others:

Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade. G. & H. Williams, Person. 6::1yr.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

JAMES M. HUGHES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

HAVING moved into his new shop, one door below the Book Store,

West Market, *Greensboro', N. C.*,

would respectfully return his thanks to the citizens of Greensboro' and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed; and he hopes by diligence and punctuality, with his long experience in cutting and making, that he will continue to merit and receive a liberal patronage. He has a regularly established agency by which he receives the latest Paris, New York and Philadelphia FASHIONS which gentlemen are invited to examine for themselves.

All work warranted to please in fit and durability. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction. Remember the stand—West Market, one door below the Book Store.

Aug. 1856 4::ly

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.

Ambrotypes.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of Greensboro' and vicinity, that he is now prepared to take AMBROTYPE LIKENESSES in all the beauty of art; they surpass the DAGUERREOTYPE in beauty of delineation, giving the most delicate contrast between light and shade, making a positive picture that can be seen in any light, and are not affected by atmosphere or water, and will last for all time.

ALSO,

DAGUERREOTYPES, in all the various branches of the art with the newest improvements—Instructions given in Ambrotyping and Daguerreotyping on reasonable terms, APPARATUS and STOCK furnished if desired.

12::1y A. STARRETT.

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,

GENERAL LAND AGENT,

SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Keneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(57—6m.)

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES.

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.

(56::tf)

MARBLE YARD.

NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,

Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.

MURCHISON & HOWELL,

(Formerly of North Carolina)

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

104 *Wall Street.*

NEW YORK.

☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,

DEALERS IN

FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C.

WILL keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

REFERENCES.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleig; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Jan. 1857.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Free-Will Baptist Journal!

THE Annual Conferance of the Original Free-Will Baptist of North Carolina being desirous of publishing a weekly Newspaper, bearing the above name, the undersigned Committee were authorized, at the last Conference, to issue this Prospectus. They design publishing a family paper, which will be religious in tone and sentiment, and maintain the doctrines and usages of the Free-Will Baptist Church, and will be devoted to the general interests of the State. In fact it is designed to furnish intelligence for every class of readers. In size and appearance the JOURNAL will be equal to most religious papers in the State, and it is hoped to render it so interesting and instructive as to attract patronage from the public.

The Journal will be published at two dollars ($2) per annum, (invariably in advance.) The first number will be issued as soon as the list of subscribers will justify its publication. It is desirable that as large a list of subscribers be secured as possible.—Ministers and all others favorable to the work, are respectfully solicited to secure and forward the names of as many subscribers as possible, (being particular to write the subscriber's name and Post Office in a plain hand.)

The Journal will be published under the supervision of a committee appointed for that purpose. The payment will be required on the appearance of the first number.

All subscriptions, and letters relating to the paper, must be directed to J. H. Jackson, Kinston, N. C., until further notice.

JESSE H. HOLTON,
W. L. TYER,
J. H. JACKSON, } Committee.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.

GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of

REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B.,

with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School.

This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county on the Salem and Danville road; 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by private conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if *continued* with *us* to make them profound thinkers and thorough scholars in every department of a classical education.

BOARD is invariably $6 per month; Tuition varies from $8 to $12.50 per session; Matriculate Fee, $1 per session.

For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Benbow, Secretary of the Board.

Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (54::3m)

Fall and Winter Goods.

R. G. Lindsay,

North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets,

WOULD invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Cloths, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain De Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c. &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.

A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.

Coffee, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.

Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones.

Oct. 10, 1856.

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER.

LAMAR HOUSE,

(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)

KNOXVILLE, TENN.,

S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

A NEW ENTERPRIZE.

YOUNG MEN, Old men or any body-else wishing to make money easy, by engaging in an honorable, pleasant and profitable business will do well to address the subscriber immediately as he is in want of several Agents in every Town and county in the United States for a business by which persevering and energetic persons can make from $75 to $100 per month.

This is a rare chance for young men out of employment, or those wishing to change their occupation. Address with only $1 enclosed and I will send full particulars by return mail.

A. N. PETERS.

(54—3mpd.) Norfolk Va.

Direct Line to

RICHMOND, Va.

Fare through from Greensboro' to Richmond via Danville, Va., only $7, being four dollars and thirty cents cheaper than any other line running from Greensboro'

NORTH.

THE Proprietor of the stage line from Greensboro', N. C., to Danville, Va., would inform the public that he is now running a *Daily Line of* 4 Horse Coaches, (Sundays excepted,) from the former to the latter place, connecting at both points with the Rail Roads.

Leaves Greensboro' daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock P. M., and arrives in Richmond next day in time to take the evening train going *NORTH*.

Persons wishing to visit Wentworth or Madison, by taking the Danville stage at Greensboro' on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, will reach either of these places the same night.

Dec. 19, 1856. J. HOLDERBY,

(21::1y e-o-w)

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES

[Authorized by the State of Georgia.]

Capital Prize for $50,000!!!

The following Scheme will be drawn by S. SWAN & CO., Managers of the Fort Gaines Academy Lottery, of Georgia, and the Southern Military Academy Lottery, of Alabama, in each of their Lotteries for February, 1857.

CLASS O,

To be drawn in the City of Mobile, Alabama, in public, on *Saturday, February 7th* 1857.

CLASS 24,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Thursday, February 19th*, 1857.

CLASS 25,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, February 28th*, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers.

Three thousand two hundred and sixty Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets.

30,000 Tickets.

Brilliant Scheme.

1	Prize of	$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	20,000	is	20,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	9,000	is	9,000
1	"	8,000	is	8,000
1	"	7,000	is	7,000
1	"	6,000	is	6,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	4,000	is	4,000
1	"	3,000	is	3,000
1	"	2,000	is	2,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are	10,000
100	"	50	are	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4 prizes of	$250	to	$50,000	are $1,000
4 "	200	to	20,000	are 800
4 "	100	to	10,000	are 400
4 "	80	to	9,000	are 320
4 "	65	to	8,000	are 260
4 "	60	to	7,000	are 240
4 "	55	to	6,000	are 220
4 "	50	to	5,000	are 200
4 "	45	to	4,000	are 180
4 "	40	to	3,000	are 160
4 "	30	to	2,000	are 120
4 "	25	to	1,000	are 100
3,000 "	20			are 60,000

3,260 prizes amounting to $204,000

PLAN OF SWAN & CO.'s LOTTERIES.

30,000 Numbers corresponding with those on the Tickets are placed in one Wheel. The Prizes are placed in another Wheel. A Number is drawn from the Number Wheel, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other Wheel. The Prize drawn is placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

IN ORDERING TICKETS,

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the rick:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of	10 Whole Tickets,	$100
"	10 Half "	50
"	10 Quarter "	25
"	10 Eighths "	12½

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
or S. SWAN, Montgomery, Ala.
or S. SWAN, Box 200, Mobile, Ala.

All communications strictly confidential. Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office. (52::1y)

SOUTHERN LOTTERY! on the Havana Plan!! Prizes Guarantied! $102,000!! Only 15,000 numbers!!! Prizes payable without deduction. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY. BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA. *CLASS V.* To be drawn JANUARY 15th, 1857, at Concert Hall, Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan, and W. C. Anderson, Esq.

☞ *Remember this Lottery has only Fifteen Thousand Numbers—less than any Lottery in the World! therefore it is the best for investment. Examine the Scheme!*

SCHEME.

1	Prize of		$15,000
1	"		5,000
1	"		2,000
4	Prizes of	$1,000 are	4,000
5	"	500 are	2,500
80	"	100 are	8,000
1,500	"	40 are	60,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

20	Approx. of $100 are		$2,500
50	"	50 are	2,500
50	"	20 are	1,000

1,712 Prizes amounting to $102,000

Certificates of Packages of ten tickets, where the numbers end in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are sold at the following rates:

10 Whole Tickets,	60 dollars
10 Half do	30
10 Quarter do	15

It will be perceived, by this plain, that for 60 dollars the purchaser has a Certificate of ten tickets, when, if he buys tickets, he would only get for that sum six wholes. Thus, by buying certificates he has four more chances for larger prizes—Halves and Quarter packages in proportion.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2.50.

The 1,500 Prizes of $40 are determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the Capital Prize of $15,000. The Capital Prize will, of course, end with one of the figures—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Those Whole Tickets ending with the same figure as the last in the Capital will be entitled to $40. Halves and Quarters in proportion.

☞ Persons sending money by mail need not fear its being lost. Orders punctually attended to. Communications confidential.—Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par.

☞ Those wishing particular numbers should order immediately.

Address, JAMES F. WINTER,

(52::1y) *Manager*, Macon, Ga.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor,

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

N. C. FREEMAN,

WITH

ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF